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THE UNITARIAN

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THE VALUE OF IDEALS.

A SERMON BY REV. FRANCIS B. HORNBROOKE, NEWTON, MASS.

"Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."—JOEL ii. 28.

To the mind of the prophet the thought of a time when young men should see visions and old men dream dreams was one full of joy, and no doubt he loved to think of the day when it would be realized among his own people. Of all the blessings that were in store for Israel, and which were intended to indicate the returning favor of Jehovah, this was the crown. Indeed, in this all other blessings were included, and without it they would have seemed hardly worth the having. To the Hebrew mind there was no greater loss the nation could suffer than the deprivation of the vision of the divine purpose. A season of seers and dreamers was the very best a prophet could declare.

But I doubt whether to most of us, in our ordinary moods, and if we really said out what was in us, it would seem altogether desirable. We prefer the men who stand on the earth, and who have clear sight of what lies around them. We seek the people who understand things as they are, and who know how to adjust themselves to them. We are a little impatient of long-sighted people, who see so very far ahead; and we do not like those who pester us with a general view of the universe, when we have all that we can do to look out for the special details of the present moment. Our busy and practical age has little tolerance for those who see visions, and less for those who dream dreams. To say of a man that he is visionary, or dreamy, is about the worst thing we can say. It might be all very well, we think, in a pastoral country such as Palestine was, and for people who plodded on without any sense of hurry, like those for whom Joel wrote nearly twenty-five centuries ago, to have leisure for visions; but for us we have no time to waste on them. So the average man thinks. At any rate, he acts as if he thought so, and only a remnant of reverential regard for the book in which the words of our text are written keeps him from saying so.

There have been times when people needed to be warned against too great trust in visions, but the present time is not one of them. It wants facts, not fancies, accurate statement of what is, not ideals of what might be. But the spirit of the times is not always the spirit of truth. Its tendency may include, and usually does include, about only one-half the truth of things. Its one-sidedness often needs correction, and its view needs enlargement. And for that reason I propose to say a few words about the worth of visions and dreams, or, to use modern terms, the value of ideals. I want to show that the ideal element in our nature, the capacity to see what lies outside of the present actual condition of things, has a value which we too often underestimate or overlook. Let us try to see what that value is.

The vision of what may be is the essential condition of all progress: it lies at the heart of all real life and movement. The boy has a vision of what life is to be to him, and of what he intends to do with it. That vision allures him. It fills him with energy; it restores courage when he begins to grow faint-hearted. It provides something for him to accomplish. It forms the sufficient reason for doing to-day all he can, so that to-morrow may bring him nearer the realization of what we may call his dream, and what often in its outward form may prove to be only a dream. It is this expectation of the future which makes youth so confident, and so rich in enthusiasm. We smile at its bright visions, but without them there

would be no youth. The worst thing we could do for our boys and girls would be to convince them that the future would be a mere treadmill sort of existence, with a leaden sky, without any promise in it, overhead. Persuaded of that, all sense of progress would be deadened, and all incentive to effort be taken away.

There are many sad things which may happen to our children, but I think the saddest thing of all would be the loss of vision out of their souls. To realize that, you only need look at the young persons, of whom there are only too many to-day, who think they have learned life because they have grown tired of everything on the surface of it; to whom it is impossible to tell anything new, because they have not the earnestness to listen long enough or patiently enough to understand it; to whom you cannot teach anything, because vivid interest, the secret of memory, is wanting. They may live, or rather exist, for many years to come, but they are already old; for progress has ceased for the soul that has no vision of something still to dare or do.

What is true of youth is true of every period of life. It is the "vision splendid" that keeps us moving on. Let it vanish, and we stand still. We may keep up a movement, but for us there will be no more improvement. The moment the vision of something still to be attained and accomplished has fled we have become old, whether we are seventeen or seventy. When there is nothing more to live for; when the habit of routine is all that remains; when nature and life seem exhausted; when there is no new course of thought and no new line of action opening up before us; when our eyes no longer brighten with some prospect, and our hearts no longer beat in glad response to some appeal to higher life and larger duty,—then we may still mark time, but we do not march forward; our bodies may move, but our souls are torpid; there is no longer any speculation in our eyes. For to live is to move on toward the realization of some vision of the soul.

Men have been trying for ages to learn the secret of perpetual youth; but it is found by every one who still has some vision of the soul to lead him on. "Always young for liberty," said Channing; and every man or woman is young who sees in his or her life some ideal to make real by the might that lies in him or her. What a perpetual youth was that of William Cullen Bryant, whose sense of the true and beautiful never waned, who never grew weary of the conflicts of political life, because he saw that in and through them the ideal of right and justice in his own noble nature must become real, and who, writing "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, wrote "The Flood of Years" at eighty! The vision keeps us young, because it gives us that sense of joyous expectation which always belongs to youth when it is unspoiled.

The vision makes progress in the life of State or Church possible. Without it everything stagnates. No matter how rich the community, nor how perfect the outward conditions, nor how cultured the people, if it has no vision of something possible to be accomplished in and through its life, it is a dead place. Even while it boasts of what it is, the warning voice of the Spirit is heard counselling it to anoint its eyes that it may see. Nations begin to perish when they become unconscious of any ideal. Well for them if some prophet of the soul can create life within them with the revelation of the purposes for which they were placed in the world!

We are too apt to think that the greatness of our country lies in its splendid material improvement, and in the multiplication of all the appliances that adorn and comfort the outward man. But we may have all these, and still remain the poorest nation on the globe. A nation moves and lives according to the nature of its dream, and according to its power to fulfil it.

The Church, even more than the State, must, if it would have a progressive life, gain it not so much by a report of the past as by a vision of the future. A church that tells you what people once thought and once felt may have much ecclesiastical and theological information to communicate; but, if it has no vision of what ought to be now and here and in days to come, it has little of the light of life to give. It has no more sense of progress in it than a mummy. A church, too, that can only count up the very respectable people that once honored it by their attendance upon its services, but which has no vision of the work that lies before it, is no longer a factor in the on-

ward and upward movement of the world. The vision of a work for which no self-sacrifice is too great is the only real pledge of its progressive life. The church which has a vision for which it is willing to make ventures of faith has the assurance of success. But a church that is afraid of a new thought, which hesitates about taking a new course so long that the value of it is gone before it is entered upon, which does not know whether it dare to adapt itself to existing conditions, or do anything which has not been often done before, will never be sure of its right to be, because it either has no vision of its purpose or else does not half believe in the vision which it professes to be here to follow. In such a church it will be a Pentecostal day when the young men see visions and the old men dream dreams.

Impatient as we may be of the visionaries and dreamers, contemptuously as we may talk about them, they are, after all, the people who keep us moving on. They are, as Socrates called himself, "the gadfly that spurs the lazy beast called the State to action." They will not allow the church to be at ease in Zion. They are like the faithful companion who will not allow his friend to go to sleep on the snow, but rouses him, if need be, by blows, from the repose he seeks. We may dislike them, but we owe our life to them. We often find it hard to get along with them. They pester us at our business; their warning voices disturb our pleasures; they break up compromises that seem to promise quiet and peace; they fill the world with the sound of their "untunable" voices; and we think what a happy world it would be if these people, with their vision of a far better condition of things, were only out of it. But, hard as it is to live with them, it would be impossible to live without them. They are the living proofs that God loves man too much to let him alone. They are the visible witnesses to the fact that even our best is imperfect, and needs still further perfecting. They will not permit one good custom to corrupt the world. They have caught a vision of perfection; and in their determination to take nothing less than they see lies the real reason for human progress.

The visions of great souls have always been the impelling forces of the world. These alone lie at the heart of every great movement, in any direction, upon which the world has ever entered. The vision of the soul is always the prelude to a new epoch in history. Moses sees a vision of God as eternal, and Israel begins its life as a nation. Isaiah and the prophets with him dream of a nation whose God is righteous, and demands righteousness, and the life of the nation is renewed and exalted. Jesus sees mirrored in his pure nature the image of the Father, and the world is transformed. Saint Augustine dreams of the city of God, and succeeding ages are inspired to make the dream come true. Martin Luther caught a glimpse of the great thought of the personal relations in which man stands to God, and Europe was stirred to its depths. John Wesley had his vision of what religion might be to the ignorant and abandoned, and he touched the heart of a nation which had remained unresponsive to the "practical" teachings of the English pulpit. Channing had his vision of the divine possibilities of humanity, which has done more to show the world how men should be approached and dealt with than any other agency of our century. It has been the bugle-note of all humanitarian efforts; and, if those who love to be called his followers had the courage and faith to work in the line of his convictions, they might create a church working in harmony with the democratic feelings and tendencies of our times, they might reorganize the religious life of the world.

The men who have moved the ages have always done it from above. They have inspired humanity with the vision of a nobler aim and a higher purpose. The churches that command the allegiance and enthusiasm of their votaries do it through the revelation of the ideal element in life and duty. And no church need expect to live a real life or to do a real work that has not its eyes fixed on, and its heart inspired by, some vision of what God calls it to be and to do. A church without a vision is a body without a soul.

In the work of the world we cannot do without the ideal element, and every attempt to make men and women better without it is predestined to fail.

> "It takes a soul
> To move a body: it takes a high-souled man
> To move the masses . . . even to a cleaner stye.

It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth
off
The cheek of the actual."

When we read history, we care very little for the outward forms of action. It would not be worth reading if it only told us about the wealthiest men, the most successful politicians,— the people who knew how to get on in the world in which they were placed. We seek to learn of prophets preaching righteousness in Jerusalem, of Socrates declaring truth, of Plato dreaming of ideal justice in Athens, of Marcus Antoninus striving to conform his life to ideal right in Rome. All the names which we regard as most worthy of remembrance are the names of those whose thought and deed were a protest against what the people about them thought was the eternal order of things, and whom the so-called practical men of their day derided as dreamers.

We sometimes read the visions which great souls have had of a condition of things in which justice and love and all good tendencies of human nature may have a chance to prevail better than they have ever had before; and sometimes, as we read that long list of schemes for the amelioration of the woes of humanity,—from Plato to Bellamy,—we are apt to think them all labor wasted. "What good," we say, "has come out of them? and how much harm they have done in awakening false hopes!" So I have sometimes thought; but I cannot help feeling that there is another side to the matter. These ideals have, at the least, been endeavors to bring human society into a form more in accord with the highest conceivable idea of justice and right for all. They have prevented the world from thinking that it had accomplished all it was possible for it to accomplish. They have stirred the hearts of men and women with a "divine discontent." They have been effective as protests against palpable wrongs; and they have urged the world on to some realization of their dreams. Time shows that in the spirit of their dreams the dreamers are nearer right, at last, than those who see only what lies on the surface. Isaiah's thought of a nation whose foundation was righteousness, laughed at by the wise statesmen of his day, is an axiom in ours. Plato, in his Republic, is nearer to what is practised and thought now than any of the practices of the civilization to which he belonged. The same is true of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. The Sermon on the Mount was derided as impracticable by the political economists of the past generation; but that political economy which regards the creation and preservation of manhood as much and more than the making of money finds it in harmony with the most practical demands of the hour. It now looks as if that old political economy were not on the seat of judgment, but at the bar. He who dreams of an ideal state of things may seem all wrong to the wisdom of the hour, but, in so far as he attempts to reveal a world of perfect justice and love, he will be nearer right in the future than those who mock his dream; for it is ever toward a higher justice and larger love that the world moves on. The difference between the practical man and the man of visions often is that the one sees what is to-day, the other what ought to be, and therefore will be. The one is justified by the experience of the past; but the other will find his justification in the days to come.

The real difference between men and women is not in what they are, not in what they are able to achieve, but in their vision of what they believe is expected of them. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, my old instructor in church history, used to say that it did not make so much difference where a man was as the way in which he was facing. It was only another way of saying that the difference between people is in their ideal of life, or whether they have one or not. Here are two young men: each has had the same opportunities, and each has seemed to attain the same degree of education. We see nothing to choose between them. We commend the one as much as we do the other; but in a few years we notice a change. The one seems to be about where he was, while the other has moved on; and then we may be sure that the one has had a vision which ever quickened him to new effort, while the other has had none. Two men seem, as far as all conventional usages go, on the same plane; but the goodness of the one is mechanical, perfunctory, unprogressive, while that of the other grows out of an inner impulse of the man's nature, and is an expression of an aspiration after the highest good. The one does what is right, the other seeks to fulfil

an ideal of righteousness. Perhaps this accounts for the fact which impresses us so strangely, that Jesus said there was more hope of the sinners than of the Pharisees. The one class counted itself righteous, and so was shut against all other influences: the other, conscious of its weakness and sin, conscious of its great need, opened its heart to the appeal of the Master.

We feel the influence of a vision of life in the work that men are doing. One man works as if he were afraid he might strike one blow too many. All that he does seems done with his hands, but not with his heart. As you look at him, you know that he only thinks of what must be done now and here. Another man does his work as if he were proud of it,—as if it were the only thing that was worth doing. His hands are busy, and his heart is full of delight at his task. He does it well, not merely because he must, but because in doing it he is fulfilling the purpose that lies in all the work of the world. The one thinks of his work as drudgery: the other has a vision of life which makes it divine. Ah! it is a blessed thing when our young men see visions. The vision of what life may be, and of what the work of the world is in the thought of God, is their best education. With that they will learn all that it is possible for them to learn, while without it all you can give them in school or college will amount to very little. Abraham Lincoln, in the wilderness in his father's miserable cabin, without books, and with none of the influences of culture, yet with the vision of something for him to be and to do dawning upon him and shining in those sad eyes of his, is better provided for than the boy in New England to-day, with every opportunity in home, in school, and in his surroundings to help him on, but whose heart does not beat high in response to some revelation of life and duty. It may be in some such way that things are more equal than we think: one may have all the opportunities without any vision, while another has no chance at all save in the vision which helps him to create them. I read somewhere the other day the story of the poor Norwegian boy who wanted to hear the song of the water-elf, who was supposed to live in the stream near his home. He sat near it night after night, imagining every now and then that he heard the music of the elf. When he had learned how to play on the violin, he tried to reproduce something of what he yearned to hear, and sometimes thought he did hear. And at last people loved to hear him play, because there was something in his music that entranced them, —something which none could understand, but all could feel throbbed in every note. And so it is with every one who has an ideal of life. Through everything that he says and does we feel the yearning of the soul to make it real. The glory of a man is not in his action, but in his aim. Robert Browning has well said in one of those poems which have done more to clear the vision of the spirit than any other single influence of our century,—

"'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but
what man would do."

The best of us lies in what we seek to be and to do. Our attainment is little, but our vision is infinite; and what we long for is God's promise of what we shall be.

"Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished ideal;
And longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

"Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing."

THE HOMESTEAD LOCKOUT.

The Homestead labor troubles occurred while I was taking my summer vacation in the mountains of Virginia; and, as I had to return home by way of Pittsburg, I determined to stop off there and see some of the chief parties to that great controversy. Chairman Frick had promised me an interview, but the assault upon his life prevented him from granting it, and so I saw Mr. Leishman, the Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Lovejoy, Secretary of the Carnegie Steel Company, Mr. William Weihe, President of

the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, and others, from whom I got the information I desired. I also went through the shops at Homestead, and saw the new machinery that had been put in there. This article is the result.

The Homestead lockout is one of the most important lockouts that have ever occurred, and essentially the same principles and questions were involved in this conflict that are always raised by conflicts between labor and capital; and therefore what is said of this case will apply to all others. The first thing to do is to dispose of certain secondary questions which have so absorbed public attention that the real issues have been largely lost sight of. Let it be admitted, then, at once that the workmen at Homestead had no right whatever to take possession of the Carnegie Company's property. However much their labor had contributed to the value and upbuilding of those vast works, yet they had received certain stipulated wages under a definite contract; and, even if those wages were really less than their labor was worth, still by their agreement they had formally relinquished further claims and rights to the product of the business in which they were engaged. The property, therefore, had become the Carnegie Company's, and it was a violation of all moral and legal principles for the workmen to take possession of it and use violence against any one whom the company might send there. The use of physical force, the ignoring of law and moral principles, will never solve the labor problem, but simply render impossible its solution. Violence must be suppressed with a strong arm and unhesitatingly.

Secondly. While the Carnegie Company, technically and strictly speaking, may have had a legal right to introduce "Pinkerton watchmen" or any other sort of guardsmen to protect their property, yet it was unquestionably the worst possible policy and essential anarchy. The company knew that the "Pinkertons" were to workmen what the red rag is to the bull, and, when they engaged them, they knew positively that bloodshed would follow. Even, therefore, if the workmen fired the first shot, it was nothing more than could be expected under the circumstances; and, if one party were guilty of murder, so were the other.

Furthermore, the very essence of anarchy is the ignoring of the lawfully constituted authorities, and the taking the law into one's own hands and attempting to do what the civil powers are instituted to do. If, then, the workingmen were guilty of illegal and unjustifiable proceedings in taking possession of the Carnegie property, the company employed anarchistic methods in attempting to dispossess them, and their action cannot be too strongly condemned by all law-abiding people. I know the excuse offered. The company's officials told me that "politics" entered so largely into the matter that they could not get protection. The sheriff, judges, and others desiring election would not take efficient measures to protect their property, and therefore they had to try to protect it themselves. But this plea overlooks the fact that the State is superior to the county or municipal authorities, and the United States is supreme over all; and all these may be appealed to, and compelled to give the necessary protection. Hence this plea does not justify the company's conduct; and, after all, they had to appeal to the State, which in due time responded, and restored their possessions to them.

Third. It is all nonsense to hold the workingmen directly or indirectly responsible for the dastardly attempt on Mr. Frick's life. Respectable newspapers have done this. It would be equally as rational to hold the Republican or Democratic party responsible for Guiteau's insane act. Every excitement, political, religious, or industrial, calls forth cranks and fools, who commit outrages for which no one but themselves can possibly be blamed; and all such acts should be justly punished. If the Amalgamated Association embodied anarchistic planks in its platform, if its meetings were usually marked by inflammatory speechmaking, if its avowed object was the use of violence in the accomplishment of its work, it might be justly held responsible for such acts as Bergmann's. But it is very far from an anarchistic organization, its object being "to *obtain by conciliation or by other means that are fair and legal*" a fair remuneration to the members for their labor.

Hence, even if some of its members were guilty of violent acts, they alone, as individuals, could be justly held responsible for

these acts. As Mr. Weihe said to me, "In every organization there are some foolish, hot-headed men, who cannot be controlled by the more rational and sober spirits." This is doubtless as true of capitalistic as of labor organizations, and we must always distinguish the individual from the body to which he belongs.

Fourth. Did the tariff have anything to do with this trouble? Mr. Leishman said, "No man of common sense will say that the tariff entered into the case." And perhaps this is so. Hon. John G. Carlisle well says: "The tariff does not of itself either increase or diminish wages. The man who wants to employ labor does just what is done by every other man who wants to procure anything. He gets it at the very lowest rate at which the law of supply and demand will enable him to get it, tariff or no tariff. The employer pursues the same course, whether he is in a free-trade country or in a protective country." But, while this is true, it will occur to almost any mind that a corporation which receives the amount of protection that the Carnegie Company does, and that makes the money it does, ought not to be forced by the introduction of new machinery to cut down its employees' wages as it proposed to do. Undoubtedly, if the protectionist's plea —that the tariff benefits the laborer—be true, it ought to enable a highly protected corporation to make such profits as would enable it to carry on its business without cutting wages. If it does not have this effect, then it is high time for protectionists to quit talking about the tariff benefiting the laborer by furnishing him remunerative employment. It certainly has not had this effect upon the Carnegie Company, according to their own admission. Still, in order to clear the ground, let it be admitted that the tariff had nothing directly to do with the Homestead trouble. What, then, were the real issues involved?

They were two: first, whether the employers would recognize the labor organization; and, secondly, the wages question. Those who think that all this trouble was caused simply by a slight cut of wages are vastly mistaken. The real cause of the trouble was an attack on the organization of labor, an attempt to cripple and destroy, if possible, the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. "It is for the good of society," said Mr. Lovejoy, "that it should be destroyed." Mr. Frick was known to be a strong opponent of the labor organization, and his refusal to concede its demands was (rightly, it seems) understood as the first blow in an effort to destroy it. The reason assigned for this action was that the Association had become arbitrary and dictatorial. But I was unable to learn exactly wherein it was arbitrary and unreasonable in its demands. It appeared that there was quite as much arbitrary dictation on the part of the Carnegie Company as there was on the part of the labor union; and, if this were the reason for the abolition of the one, it was equally as good a reason for the destruction of the other. It is generally recognized by unbiassed thinkers on this subject that laborers have the same right to organize that capitalists have, and that far more good than evil results from such organization.* At any rate, it is no wonder that the employees of the Carnegie Company, when they saw their organization attacked, should have resented and resisted the attack by all possible means. If their employers had been in their position, they would doubtless have acted in just the same way. The action, therefore, of the workingmen seems natural and reasonable.

But were they justified in opposing the reduction of wages? This is the prime question, and must be carefully considered. It seems to me that they were justified in demanding the wages they did, for these reasons: (1) The Carnegie Company, by its own confession, could *afford* to pay the wages asked.

Its officials boasted to me of their ability to "stand the losses involved in this lockout."

Those losses will aggregate many thousands of dollars, perhaps more than would have been necessary to pay the difference between the wages offered to and the wages asked by the employees. Moreover, it is known of all men that the Carnegie Company has made and is making its millions. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's "public charities" are sufficient proof of this statement. But, as the workingmen have no time or energy left after twelve hours' work in the shops to devote to reading in public libraries, it

*See Prof. R. T. Ely's "Labor Movement" and other such works.

would be far more just to pay them the wages they ask than it is to cut those wages, and then use the increased profits for profitless purposes. Hence few unbiassed thinkers will say the Carnegie Company could not afford to pay the wages demanded.

(2) The reason for the reduction of wages assigned by the company was the introduction of new and expensive machinery. This machinery, it was said, would increase the output of steel; and as the men received so much per ton, and worked according to a "sliding scale," they would receive more wages at the reduced rate per ton than they did when working for a higher rate with the old machinery. True; but, on the other hand, the company would receive still higher profits. In the first place, the new and improved machinery would displace a number of workmen. The man who showed me through the mills (and who was one of Carnegie's favored "non-union men") said that he thought about a thousand men would be displaced by this new machinery. But, even if not so many were displaced, a large number would be; and of course this would be a gain to the company. One of the machines shown me in the Homestead works could be operated by three men, and it did the work that twenty men formerly did. As my informant proudly said, "It did almost everything except talk," and this was only a sample of the machinery. Then, too, the larger output of steel due to this improved machinery would increase the firm's profits as well as the workingman's wages. And, finally, the beneficent action of the tariff ought certainly to enable the company to pay the small difference between the wages offered and the wages asked.

Mr. Frick, when asked by the Congressional Investigating Committee what was the cost of producing a ton of steel, declined to answer the question. Yet, when this same firm wanted "protection" from Congress, it was eager to tell how expensive the production of steel was. Why the sudden change of mind? Perhaps it feared that its second statement might not quite agree with the first; or, more likely, it knew that, the cost of production being revealed, it would be seen that the firm could quite afford to pay the wages demanded. In any case, the refusal to give this information looks very suspicious; and for such reasons as these it certainly seems that the Carnegie Company acted arbitrarily, unjustly, and unwisely in refusing the demands of their employees.

But they did it, and employers generally applaud their action. "They had a right to offer any wage they chose," it is said; "and, if the workingmen didn't like it, they should have quit, and let others take their place." No: they did *not* have a "right" to refuse to pay the wages asked, for the reasons just stated. They had the *power* to do it, and they exercised that power; but "might" does not make "right."

The workingmen made grave and unjustifiable blunders. They had no right to take possession of the company's property, and they had no right to prevent by force other men from taking the places they had left. But the Carnegie Company were guilty of the first and the chief sin in refusing to pay the wages they could afford to pay, and that simple justice demanded.

It is by no means intended in this article to attribute special depravity to the Carnegie Company. They are no worse and no better than other business men. If the workingmen were put in their places, they would doubtless act as these employers have acted; for the man who rises from the ranks, and becomes an employer of labor, frequently makes the most arbitrary and exacting employer. Both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick, I understand, were once laboring men; but they seem to have forgotten "the rock whence they were hewn or the hole of the pit whence they were digged." It is perfectly natural that they should think that the system under which they have made millions and risen in life is a righteous system. Preachers, philanthropists, and sentimental political economists may shout themselves hoarse proclaiming "humanitarian principles" to business men. But "business is business." The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule have no more place, practically, in "business" than the United States Senator said they had in politics. It is nonsense to say that the interests of the employer and employed are identical under the present industrial system. Wages are determined by the iron law of "supply and demand," and every cent that can be taken from wages is that much added to capital. These are the stubborn facts, in the face of which sermons on the duties of em-

ployer to employee are of no avail. If the profits of the Carnegie Steel Company were ten times what they are, they would still buy their labor as cheaply as possible. They would not ask, What can we *afford* to pay? What is our workingmen's labor *worth?* and pay it; but they would ask simply, What is the least that the workmen, union or non-union, will take? And all other employers, born capitalists or ex-workingmen, will do the same. As long, therefore, as the present wage system prevails, so long will strikes, lockouts, and riots occur.

The supreme need of the hour is such a change in the industrial system as will identify the interests of employer and employed, give to both their just dues, and prevent such disputes as this from arising. Can this desirable change be made? Surely, the business men of the country have brains enough and power enough and honor enough to devise some more equitable plan of doing business than the present. And it is their most solemn duty to do it, and do it quickly. When the workingmen of any land have to be suppressed and kept in order by armed force, matters have reached an alarming condition, and every true patriot will lay aside other aims, and make it his chief object to inaugurate such industrial reforms as he knows are necessary.

Many people are looking to the *State* for a solution of this great problem.

The People's Party has been organized for this avowed purpose. And what does it propose? Why, that the government shall own and operate the great corporations, beginning with the railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, and gradually passing on (I suppose) to the complete nationalization of industry. In other words, it proposes Bellamy's socialism as the panacea for all our industrial ills. But many of us believe that the substitution of the socialistic system for the present one would simply be increasing industrial tyranny. Our experience with State interference in business has not been such as to make us believe it the sovereign balm for all our wounds.

The proposition to extend governmental activity, therefore, in the business world cannot be too earnestly resisted. Industrial problems must be solved by the business men of the country, regardless of politics.

The cry of "compulsory arbitration" has again been raised in consequence of this lockout, and perhaps the majority of theorists at least will favor this proposition. Certainly, those who appeal to the State for "protection," in order to build up their business, cannot consistently refuse State regulation of such business. If "protection" enables the employer to pay better wages, and he asks the government to give him protection, then he ought not to object to the State's saying what wages he shall pay as a result of the favors shown him. But we who disbelieve in protection must also reject compulsory arbitration. It would be well-nigh impossible to enact an effective arbitration law, even if such a law were constitutional.

We want occasions for such arbitration prevented. We want to see a system adopted under which both parties concerned will receive their just dues, and thus the necessity of arbitration of disputes will be precluded.

Who can suggest such a system? Two plans have been proposed which are worthy of consideration. The first of these is that of *profit-sharing*. This has worked admirably in Europe, and in some cases in this country. But it fails to completely identify the interests of the employer and the employees. A certain wage is guaranteed the workmen under this system, whether the business is a success or a failure. And then if, by increased effort and greater economy in the use of materials, larger profits are made, they are shared with the employees. It is obvious, therefore, that the employee does not take his just proportion of responsibility and risk; and for this reason the scheme is unfair. If the workingmen want a share of the profits, they must be willing to share the risks with the employer.

The other plan proposed is the "Capitalization of Labor."

A laboring man's capital is his muscle. He is a factor in production, and as such he is worth exactly what he contributes to production. If, then, instead of receiving a certain stipulated wage, he will give his services for a certain proportion of the proceeds, he can get his just dues. Let the men with money and the men with muscle unite, and divide the products of their joint labor according to the value of their respective contributions to production, and strikes

and lockouts and wages disputes will be made unnecessary. Essentially this principle is applied, with good results, in agriculture in the South. The land-owner furnishes the land and "seed," and the cultivator does the work, and they divide the profits equally between them. In this case, the laborer knows what the profits are, and that he receives a fair proportion of them, and could not receive more if he were to strike and riot. This could be done more easily and profitably in the coal and iron and textile fabric industries,—in the cotton mills, the foundries, and the collieries. In such cases, the employer and the employee both know (or could easily ascertain) what labor is worth, and they could agree to divide the proceeds of their business according to the value of their respective contributions to production. There are many workingmen (the Carnegie employees, for instance) who have sufficient means to live on during the interval between the manufacture and the sale of the products. Those workingmen who are not thus fortunately situated could do what every man does that goes into business for himself without sufficient means of support; namely, borrow enough to live on until returns from their labor were received. In most cases, too, it must be remembered there are daily and weekly receipts, and the laborers could draw their shares as they needed them. Of course, so radical a change could not be made in all branches of industry at once, but would have to be gradually and cautiously introduced. Under this system, the laborer would take a fair share of risk with the capitalist, which would be just; for there is absolutely no justice in the present system where the employer guarantees the employee's wages, taking all risks and suffering all losses that may happen. If the workingmen are sincere in their professed desire for justice, they would gladly adopt a system that would make the interests of all parties concerned the same, the responsibilities equal and the rewards equitable. On the other hand, if employers object to having their men know the condition of their affairs, if they hesitate to show their books and say what their profits are, we can only say that employees generally know now when a business is flourishing and when it is depressed; and a successful firm ought to be glad to have it known that it is prospering, while, if it is failing, the sooner it is known, the better for everybody concerned. It is a great mistake to suppose that the present industrial system conceals the real condition of business. In every community the "solid firms" are well known, and the unsafe ones are also known; and so business men need not be so sensitive on this point. Sooner or later the real state of things must be revealed.

This system, while preventing strikes and lockouts, would also settle "the eight-hour question"; for every laborer, being directly interested in the products of his labor, would want to work as long as he could. Then, too, there would be no complaint about the laziness, wastefulness, and inefficiency of workmen; for, their self-interest being enlisted, they would be diligent, economical, and thorough.*

It will doubtless be said that this theory of "labor capitalization" is simply "co-operation," expressed in other words; and the critic will immediately proceed to cite failures of experiments in co-operation as disproof of these opinions. But there is this great difference between co-operation and labor capitalization. The theory of co-operation assumes that *all* the profits naturally and justly belong to the contributor of labor, and none to the contributor of capital. It holds that whatever value a thing has is given it by the labor spent on its production, and not by the capital contributed. But the labor capitalizationist holds that both capital and labor contribute to the value of a product, and that "each should properly take profits in proportion to the value of his original contribution."† Labor capitalization, therefore, differs from both "profit-sharing" and "co-operation" in important particulars, and includes all the truths in those theories, while excluding their errors. Co-operation was designed for laborers alone: labor capitalization is designed for the benefit of both capitalists and laborers.

If this system were to be adopted, it should be done freely by employers them-

*See Wordsworth Donisthorpe's "Individualism," Chap. VII., for a more thorough discussion of "labor capitalization." Mr. Donisthorpe is an eminent English lawyer, and his book is one of the best on this subject.

†See Donisthorpe's "Individualism," pp. 198–204, on this point.

selves; it should not be forced on them by the State. If some one firm were to adopt it, and found it worked well, the example would soon be followed by others; for improvements in industrial methods, machinery, etc., spread rapidly, when once they are made. But, of course, the natural conservatism of business men will make them cling to the old methods until the necessities of industry force them to change; and meanwhile we must suffer.

I am no believer in "nostrums," and therefore it must not be inferred from what has been said that I consider "labor capitalization" an infallible nostrum for all our industrial ills. It doubtless has some defects or disadvantages, it might not accomplish all its advocates claim for it; but it is at least worthy of consideration, and it certainly does seem to be an improvement on the present wages system. Indeed, almost any system would be better than this, and some change for the better must soon be made; and hence no proposition should be sneered at. One fact is certain: the employment of physical force will never solve, but only complicate, the problem; and, unfortunately, both employers and employees are too ready to resort to force. The capitalists boast that they have the money, and money is power, and they can employ "Pinkertons" or appeal to the State, and suppress rebelling workmen, or they can starve them into subjection.

On the other hand, the labor organizations are powerful; and they believe they can conquer in a pitched battle with the capitalists. The fact is, both are committing suicide and striking fatal blows at the very roots of society. And every patriot and intelligent man should arise in protest, and resist with might and main this propaganda of force and folly.

HOWARD MACQUEARY.

Saginaw, Mich.

WORK.

He owns no need who loves his daily task:
This one great gift we, rev'rent, dare to ask.
Joys hurry by, friends falter, yet she stands,
No evil fate, with cumb'ring, sweat-stained bands,
But strong and free and beautiful to claim
Our glad endeavor in the Master's name.
Father, we thank thee for thine angel sent;
Dear *Work*, we clasp thy waiting hand, content!

HATTIE BELLE BARTON.

Northampton, Mass.

ROBERT COLLYER IN ENGLAND.

Last month we gave an account of the public reception extended to Edward Everett Hale by the Unitarians of London during his recent visit to the Old World. Not less hearty has been the welcome given to our and their Robert Collyer, wherever he has allowed himself to be seen and heard during his summer in England. We give below a few glimpses of him, as he has spoken in different places. Our reports are taken from the *Inquirer* and the *Christian Life* of London.

A SUNDAY IN TODMORDEN.

Says the report: "A fairer day never broke than this, with its bright sunshine and its deep blue sky. But the memory of its beauty is only one of its memories, for it was the day when Robert Collyer preached our Sunday-school sermons. The church was well filled at the morning service, when the preacher spoke with rare power and pathos about the duty of the church to the children. In the afternoon, Mr. James Beard of Manchester conducted the service, and gave an earnest address to the young concerning righteousness. In the evening was witnessed a sight unparalleled in the history of the church. The building was packed in every part, the people standing in the aisles, in the vestry, out in the porch, and wherever it was possible to find a place. About two hundred were unable to find admittance. When the first hymn was sung, and the strains of the 'Old Hundredth' were poured forth in a full volume of rolling sound with right lusty vigor, the effect was impressively grand. The preacher's discourse will linger in the memory of all who heard it as a most wonderful inspiriting word, touching the duty of hopeful continuance. It was based on the story of Hezekiah's recovery, and the pushing back of the shadow on the dial."

A SUNDAY IN BLACKPOOL.

On Sunday last the ninth anniversary of the opening of the new church in Blackpool was celebrated, the sermons being preached by Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D. Much local enthusiasm had been manifested over Dr. Collyer's visit, and the church committee left no stone unturned which promised to minister to the day's success. Hearing that

a large number of Unitarians might be expected from a distance, it was decided, almost at the last moment, to engage the Assembly Rooms, Talbot Road, for these services, thus affording ample seating-room for those expected. The wisdom of this movement was seen by the hour of ten on the Sunday morning. As soon as the doors were open, the enthusiasts were pressing their way to the front of the hall; and, although the service was advertised to commence at 10.45, by 10.15 the body of the vast building was half full of eager folk. At 10.35 an audience of six to seven hundred, worthy of the occasion, had gathered within the spacious building, filling the main body and galleries. Dr. Collyer discoursed on "The Church of the Living God." It was a never-to-be-forgotten time, when to the grand "Old Hundredth" this, the greatest gathering of Unitarians in Blackpool, sang out John Pierpont's "O Thou to whom in Ancient Time." Certainly it was good to be there.

The evening congregation, though not quite so large as the morning, was none the less enthusiastic, for, three-quarters of an hour before the time of commencing, a rush was made to secure front seats. Dr. Collyer's effort in the evening was one of those pieces of oratory which have made his name so famous and his influence so beloved in the Old and New Worlds. The sermon was full of flashes of wit, of reminiscences of his early life in England and America, the rippling mirth of the congregation answering to his soul's message, telling the tale how home cares, grave business anxieties, and the mind's deepest perplexities were lifted under the inspiring influence of the words set to the note of "The Keys of the Kingdom." There is one picture connected with the morning service which will refuse to be blotted out of the memory of those who were eye-witnesses of its beauty. During the delivery of the sermon the August sun shone in all its brilliance upon that venerable head, bathing the long flowing white locks with its glory, reminding one of "the glory yet to be revealed to us." The contrast was touching. The tale of sixty-nine years of struggles, successes, usefulness, and influences, was written on those gray locks, while the activity of intellect and the youthfulness of heart were engraven on every utterance and gesture, as the noble veteran poured out his soul in proclaiming that righteousness which maketh all life divine. Not only were these services successful spiritually, but they were also successful in that practical way which always gladdens a church's executive; for £25 18*s.* 8*d.* was the total amount contributed at the two collections. This is the largest sum ever contributed at the anniversary sermons.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

On Sunday last, August 7, Rev. Robert Collyer preached at Essex Church in the morning to a well-filled church, notwithstanding the number of our people out of London at this season. He preached for Mr. Spears, at Highgate, in the evening. The church was crowded; and although there were one hundred chairs in the aisles all occupied, great numbers were not able to get inside the walls. The sermons were most eloquent and inspiring; and the old friends of Mr. Collyer were delighted to see him in such fine strength, and so cheerful and powerful in his ministration. Mr. W. H. Harper, secretary of the Highgate Church, has been prompted to write the following sonnet on Mr. Collyer's visit: —

ROBERT COLLYER.

HIGHGATE, AUGUST 7.

As those who flee the close-built city's roar,
And for horizons wider wistful crave,—
Now joying in the smoothly spreading wave,
Now watching wrecks on-drifting toward the shore,
While o'er their quiv'ring sides the green seas pour,—
So here the truths that make men pure and brave,
Of life that is, of life beyond the grave,
Are taught in sparkling wit and wisdom hoar.
That clarion voice, thrilling through ear to brain,
Is to man's spirit like the salt-sprayed breeze,
Bringing to doubting minds sweet store of ease,
And, faith-inspiring, soothing souls in pain.
Ah! while on earth such men such words can speak,
Strong hearts are stronger made, weak ones less weak.

A LECTURE ON THE VALUE OF BOOKS.

A few days ago Mr. Collyer delivered an address at the opening of a Free Library close to his native village,—an address in which he referred to his early life and his companionships, and said: "The first penny I had I spent on 'Whittington and his Cat,' that lovely child's romance. It is the first book I remember; and it set me dreaming of a wonderful world over Otley hill, and is still so deep and so dear that, when I go up Highgate Hill, above London, I always look for the stone on which they say little Dick sat down, and heard the bells ring him back again to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, and want nobody to tell me that the story is not true, because I know better, and know how

'It mingles with life's ethereal part,
Sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore,
By Nature's franchise disenthralled of time.'

This opens the way to the first thing I want to say about the worth of this library you will have and hold henceforth, to make finer and more noble your old strong life. You have raised, and will raise, just such boys and girls as will match the books; and you may be as sure of this as that the sun is in the heavens. They will say what I noticed the landward folk said in New England last summer, when some curious thing was told them,—'I want to know.' They will want to know to another purpose; and here, in this library, they will find their answer. Your friend who has given this library has taken care to have an encyclopædia in this treasure-house, the best to begin with I know of. I have another,—the 'Britannica.' I got it as the volumes came out. We were as far as F, when one of those fellows I think of came into my library one day, and saw it. 'Hurrah!' he said: 'you have got the "Britannica," and so have I, all there is of them yet; and I have read mine so far, and know all human knowledge down to F.' So it will be, and so it has been so far as the hunger to know went; but there was no bread to meet and stay the hunger like this you will have now. I was thinking of that, one day this spring, as I wondered what I should say to you, and found myself glancing far away across the ocean to this churchyard down the dale, where you have borne the forefathers of these hamlets and farms to their rest through more than six hundred years that we know of. And, as I glanced, I thought of what might have been; and then those lines in the great 'Elegy' came to me, and I said:—

'Perhaps in *yon* neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

'But knowledge unto them her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury represt their noble rage,
And froze the genial currents of the soul.'

"I began to dream dreams, at my work in the mill, about what I would like to do when I was a man; and this was not to be a sailor or to drive a stage-coach, but to go into a book shop, only that seemed far beyond my reach. So these children will read and dream here and there on the farms, read good books that will move their hearts and nourish their minds—and, as when one looks at his face in a glass, they will catch something of a likeness to what they read, while they are only bent on the delight of it and the charm. So, if I may give you one bit of good counsel, it is this: let them browse and welcome, when the tasks in the school and on the farm are done, and do not trouble them over-much with 'thou shalt not,' touching what they want to read; for the wise old Roman well said, 'Books are the food of youth, as they are the delight of old age; the delight of the home, and no hindrance to thee when thou goest abroad.' So it was in my own childhood and youth; and so it has been through all these years which have made me an old man, and lifted me once more over the sea with my old friend. That was a hard life for some years, also after I left my old mother land. But the delight lay still in reading, and, when Sunday came round, in going to preach in the Methodist chapels all about my home in Pennsylvania, for nothing a Sunday and find myself. But I remember no day when I was too tired to read, or failed to read some book, while I was still working at the anvil, until I was thirty-six

years old, when the bell rang for me to quit that work and take this up which I am doing still. And those days also are full of pleasant memories, hard as they were, because they are full of the sunshine books can give. And you must bear with me for saying this, because I know of no other way to tell you what books may do for us all but to tell you what they have done for me, and how well I know that they

'Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
And round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness *can* grow.'

It was a dream of many years, too, that some time I should be able to buy all the books I loved and have them for my own. It was many years before I could do this, with a house full of children, a workman's wages, and the dear house-mother, who rests in heaven now, to look sharp after me and see that I did not spend beyond the line of pay-as-you-go for the household's need. But sometimes I would trench on the margin, and then I would smuggle my book in on the sly. Once I hid one under a bush in the garden all night; and a few days after, when my guardian saw it in the book-case, she said, 'Why, father, when did you get that book?' I answered, 'Why, I have had that some time now.' But she found me out or else I confessed,—I do not quite remember. That long dream has come true. I number my books by thousands now, and otherwise am not a poor man. But the best wealth still lies in my library of the things we can touch and see, and I know what Shakspere means when he makes one say,—

'These books I prize beyond my dukedom.'

You may think it is a matter of sour grapes, but indeed it is true, that I would not give my library to-day for some dukedoms I know of, if for the rest of my life I must be deprived of their matchless companionship. There they are, waiting my return home,—the dear and good companions, the best in all the world and of all time. The grand old Bible and sound commentary I took with me over the sea forty-two years ago, the master-book of the master races now on the planet, and the noblest of all time and divinest; and the stored inspiration of holy men of the old time and of the new time, in divine things,—these are waiting to help me in my ministry in the imperial city in which I dwell; and the poets will sing to me again who have sung since singers began, and the far-reaching story of our human life is there,—in the Motherland and in the great Republic, and right round the world, right down to Zee, or, as you say, to Zed.

"The noble story-tellers are all there that I care for most, and I care for many; and how I do enjoy a good story! The good Sir Walter will be there, whose stories Bishop Stanley kept on one shelf apart with Shakspere and the Bible. George Eliot will be there; and I shall read 'Silas Marner' and take him to my heart again, when for the gold he had buried in the floor and lost he found the little child lying right on the spot with the hair of spun gold, and the little child led him back to a new faith in humanity and in God. Dickens will be there, and touch me with laughter and tears; and the noble woman and her sisters will be there, who lived on the cold shoulder of the hill over Aire, and touch me as with strong and stormful music. And so they will wait for me,—the great company I cannot number here or name. There, beside the dear human friendships and kinships and the work which is still to be done, lie the treasures of the last years as I dwell on the snow-line of our human life. You have the choicest and best of these books I set such store on in this library, which is only as when you plant a slip from the nursery to-day which will grow into a noble and fruitful tree in this day of small things. But my delight and the delight of all readers may and will be yours. You will take many of these volumes to your homes, and then into your hearts. Some of them you will want for your own when you have read them, and find out the secret I have found,—that to 'ware brass,' as we say, for books is one of the best investments we can make. Last evening I glanced at the company gathered here to your long-time feast, and my thought of what can be done with the old, strange life was confirmed as I noticed the good heads of the new generation and the eager gleaming eyes. We elder folk have had our day: the youth comes to the front, and takes hold here as everywhere to run the world. The youth will take these farms and these long-enduring homes; and in the homes a

new race will come forth to man the world, touched by the finer life books can bring us. It is far finer now than when I first remember. It will grow finer still,

'For, believe me, through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

Fifty-five or six years ago I went with another lad to the Leeds summer fair. We must start bright and early, and could not go to sleep for fear we should not get away in good time. And all my life the picture has stayed with me of the sunrise as we took the slope of Snowdon Bank. A faint blush to the eastward, first changing to russet gold, and then the splendid sunrise at last, pouring over Timble and all the land, smiting the crops and touching the moors with the glory of the clear morning. It has come back to me for my last word. The sunlight of a new day touches these reaches of the bonnie dale. It is no mere dream: it is God's truth, because you will stand true to the library and the school, and the light of these will be the light of life—may be, I was going to say; *will* be, I *must* say—to all who know what treasure lies in good books, and the chance open to all now for the beginning of a good education close to these homes."

THE VALUE OF SUNDAY.

II.

Recognizing, then, the two uses of the Sunday as a day of rest and of worship, we come to a further question: Are these two uses its only ones? Must the observance of the day be confined to a strict interpretation of them? This is where the controversy rages at present. Our Puritan Fathers were extremely rigid in the Sabbath observances. They tried to follow literally the Jewish laws. It was not considered proper to cook a warm dinner on Sunday. It must be prepared the day before and eaten cold. The statutes of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in its early days forbade not merely labor on the Sabbath, but travelling from town to town, riding and walking for recreation in the streets or fields, the playing of children outdoors, the going of youths on shipboard; and this prohibition lasted from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, and was enforced by the penalty of being exposed in a cage in the market-place and afterward being fined or whipped. Such customs and statutes were, of course, too much for human nature, and could not last. But no inconsiderable degree of that antique severity still lingers, especially in certain denominational quarters. With many the day must be one of absolute quiet and gravity. The child's playthings must be put away. No whistle or laugh must be heard in the house. The boy must sit still within doors, and, if he wants a book to read, he is handed a Bible. To take a walk in the fields, a ride in the country, a sail in a boat,—any of these things is Sabbath-breaking. The running of horse-cars and steam-cars or the making of a social call is looked on with grave suspicion of its propriety; and to tie up a woodbine or to open an art gallery or a museum or a public library on the sacred day would be unquestionable sacrilege. Rest of the body in the home, and worship in the church,—these are the only two things that are considered by many as entirely proper on the sacred day.

Now, it seems to me that this use of the Sabbath is too narrow and severe a one. It makes the day a gloomy and tiresome day, whose dawning is looked forward to by many with dread and whose end is expected with pleasure. Forbidding associations are thus connected with religion, especially in youthful minds whose faculties have not developed enough to be open to its higher services. This stern observance of the day is making it a Jewish Sabbath, the laws of which, as we have seen, are not applicable to our Christian Sunday. Nay, it is making it even more strict and stern than any Jewish Sabbath; for that had no restrictions upon festivities. It was not only a holy day, but a holiday. Sir Julian Goldsmid and other high Jewish authorities declare that the limitation of the Sabbath of their race was on work, and not on amusement; and Josephus speaks of Sabbath dances in the temple itself, which to our modern Sabbatarians would have seemed perfectly scandalous. In Catholic countries Sunday is still used as it was in the early centuries of our era, as the great pleasure day, the time when all places of amusement are open and most frequented. God forbid that we should have naturalized among us any such customs as

may make Sunday a day of general dissipation and license, crowding out both rest and worship. But is there not a desirable mean between the Puritan Sabbath and the continental Sunday? Is the only rest sitting still? Or is it not rather change of activity? Rest for the muscle-worker may properly consist in cessation of outdoor exertions. But for the large class of brain-workers, closely confined at sedentary labor at the desk all the week, rest consists in exactly the opposite, in taking up some outdoor exercise or bodily activity.

Or take the case of young children whose restless limbs are tired only when forced to be still, with whom play is about all that they know as yet how to do. Shall we coop them up in durance vile all the Sunday long, in high pew or tall chair, their curly heads nodding in time with the weary swinging of the dangling legs, and think that we are either honoring God or commending religion or doing the child any good?

Again, here is a man whose home is in some noisome city slum, and whose only chance for breathing fresher air and beholding those soothing sights and sounds of lovely nature which God has created is on the Sunday.

Here is another whose only opportunity of visiting aged and feeble parents or sick relations is on the same day. Shall they not be allowed to? And shall they not have those travelling facilities and public conveyances that will enable them to do so?

Again, here are clerks, newsboys, mechanics, whose leisure for study and reading is confined to the few hours of Sunday, whose lack of any home, save some narrow, cheerless sleeping-closet, would lead them to spend the sacred day on the street or in some low resort. Is it not well for the benefit of such as these to open on their one leisure day of the week our public libraries, museums, art galleries, and similar places of instruction and elevated influence?

To say No, roundly and unqualifiedly, to these questions, seems to me a grave mistake. Such an answer would imply that the moment the Sunday came in the looking on the wonders of God's creation became something unholy; and the varied play of the human faculties became something dangerous, if not positively evil; and that the only way good thoughts could come to a man was by duly locking him up in the pew. If Sunday was ordained by God as such a different day from the others, how comes it that our Creator has made the bird to sing and the lamb to skip and the kitten to frolic on that day just as on other days?

No doubt, the best and highest use of the Sunday is to employ it for the worship of God in his temples and for the spiritual instructions and influences received there. But such worship is of value only when sincere and voluntary. And there are many who will not use the Sunday in this best way. Shall we not try to make them use it in the next higher way rather than leave them to spend it in the lowest way? Is it well to have nothing open on the Sunday between the church and the vestibules of vice?

I do not believe this is any more in the true interest of religion than it is of the people.

The same principle applies to the question which has lately been before our houses of Congress, whether the Columbian Centennial at Chicago shall be closed on Sunday. Many of our great religious denominations have memorialized Congress to condition its aid to this World's Fair upon such closing of its gates on Sunday.

But all those reasons that have led wise Christians in London, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati to open their art museums and public libraries on Sunday afternoons, are equally strong in favor of opening this great exhibition on the afternoon of the day of rest. In Chicago and its environs there are half a million workingmen whose only leisure day, whose only opportunity of seeing this wonderful treasury of the world's achievements, with all its masterpieces of beauty and invention and knowledge, will be on Sunday. Is it fair or wise to cut them off from these uplifting and enlightening influences?

Moreover, there will be in Chicago over every Sunday a great host of visitors, forty or fifty thousand strong. If the doors of the Exposition are closed, what will they be likely to do with their idle time? To assume, as the advocates of the Sunday closing do, they will go to church both afternoon and morning, is to show deplorable ignorance of human nature. As a matter of fact,

the closing of the Fair through the whole of Sunday will greatly increase the temptations and pressure of evil influences to which these visitors will be exposed. For the saloons, the pool-rooms, the dance-halls, the gambling hells, the low theatres, and all vile resorts will be open all around, and will reap an extra harvest out of Sabbatarian bigotry. If the churches do not know this, the saloon-keepers do, and for this reason are promoting the Sunday-closing movement. If any one's conscience forbids him to attend the Fair on Sunday afternoon, he is at liberty to stay away. But should not the same liberty of going there be granted to those whose conscience approves of their visiting it? According to our national Constitution, the liberty of conscience is guaranteed to all and the establishment of any one religion or its ordinances over those whose faith is different is forbidden. When we have in our population so large a proportion of Catholics, Jews, and liberals of one sort or another, whose consciences do not disapprove at all of visiting the Fair on Sunday, is it equitable or right for the orthodox Protestants to forbid them? Let each man's conscience regulate his own action. But, when it invades the liberties and equal rights of a neighbor, it travels out of its proper province. If the Sabbath was made for man, as Jesus said, then the best way to keep it is the way that will do the most good to humanity. If we would have the holy day an instrument to lift up the spiritually weak and lame, we must put many intermediate steps in it by which they can rise up from stage to stage till they can appreciate its most sacred uses. If we put but a single round in the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven, we limit salvation to spiritual athletics. As Dr. Holland said, "Heaven is not reached by a single bound." Whatever refines the mind; whatever makes the appreciation of beauty stronger and more delicate; whatever makes a man acquainted with the speaking marvels of God's creation; whatever calms the nerves and clears the brain,—does something to make a man better fitted for the performance of his duty to God, does something to make a man more Christian, and more inclined to that higher spiritual life which is the great end of the Sunday. They are all steps, some higher, some lower, in the celestial staircase; and religion, when it is wise, looks upon none of them as common or unclean.

I have heard it said that the business of a Christian minister is to attend to all the good work that nobody else has time to look after. I hardly know whether I should consider that a good definition of a minister's calling or not. But I think it would be an excellent definition of the true use of the Sunday, that it was to attend to all the good things which our regular work during the week is apt to crowd out.

It is the time for rest and for worship. These two, first and foremost. Then, after these things have been attended to in its earlier hours, let its later hours give the precious opportunity for gaining fresh air and bodily invigoration. Let it be the time for acquiring knowledge, for coming close to nature's simplicities and beauties, and receiving her sweetening and elevating influences. Let it be the time for works of charity, for visiting the sick, for drawing closer domestic ties and making more intimate the knowledge and affection of parent and child, for uninterrupted and continuous thought on the great and vital themes of life and destiny; and for other similar uses too numerous to mention.

He best uses Sunday who can put into it the most and highest good for himself and others.

There are, of course, many questions which will be always arising as to what it is lawful and what it is not lawful to do on Sunday. One of the best tests is contained in the words with which the Book of Revelation begins: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." Does the thing in question tend toward bringing us and those around us into a spiritual state or toward carrying us away from it? Here is a simple test which every man may apply for himself.

Does your manner of spending the hours of Sunday distract you and those under your influence from the higher interests and drag you toward the lower? Then it is an unlawful use of the sacred day. Does it, however, tend to make you and those under your influence nobler and holier, and lift you upward toward God, though at first only a little way, yet as far as now is practicable? Then it has been well spent. It has been "a season of refreshing from the Lord."

Sundays thus spent, healthily, thoughtfully, religiously, will build up in Christian manliness and womanliness. Each Sabbath day's journey, travelled in this spirit, will advance us on the pilgrimage of eternal life, and lead us through its varied perplexities and weariness to that sweet and joyful rest which remaineth for the people of God.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

Yonkers, N.Y.

FAITH.

God's will be done. Fret not to understand
The wherefore of his ordering, nor seek
To know the end before the appointed task
Is well begun. Subdue distress. Give
Pulse to courage, and still press thy way
When shadows fall and the diverging path
Grows steep. All-seeing, he must see where thou
Hadst better shift, where keep the beaten course:
All-knowing, he must know when cloud is best,
When sunshine is thy need. And, being love,
He will not always lead o'er desert sands,
Nor leave thee long to grope in gloomy vales.

From birth to death life's road runs high and low:
To-day, perchance, 'mid joyous mountain peaks;
Anon, below, where bog and marsh land lie.
But, soul of mine, shrink not: when fortune smiles,
Smile thou; and, if the way lead into deeps
So dread that heart hath nothing left but fear,
Hold to God's life-line, Duty, and press on
To where the green hills once again uprise.

LINCOLN E. BROWN.

Moscow, Penn.

MORE OF JESUS.

It is beginning to be comprehended by the average religious reader that the general trend of liberal thought in America has been toward, and not from, Jesus. More nearness to that noble character has been the result not only of theological discussion, but of scientific studies. We do not wish to lose the power of the central figure in moral evolution; but we do not wish to be cheated of his personal influence. "Jesus," says a recent writer, in a religious paper, "was little thought of when John Calvin framed his scheme of salvation, and has been little thought of at any time when creeds have been made." This is a peculiar allowance for any journal to make that professes to stand for living Orthodoxy. But is it not an historic fact that the great burden of human hope and love, that was not only the gospel, but the life of Jesus, has found feeble utterance in the confessions of faith? It is not easy to determine how many Dr. Howard speaks for, when he tells us that they have all along been in error; that we are acceptable to God, not through a dead sacrifice, but by presenting ourselves quickened by the blood of Jesus, who is a living sacrifice. "It is not a substitution of Jesus on the cross, dying in our stead. Jesus taught no such doctrine, but a substitution of Jesus in us, living in our stead." The object of Jesus, he says, was not to save us from hell, but from evil character. It certainly is a startling fact that the great reviews are now open to such discussions. Jesus is becoming a supremely important historical character. We are finding him, as he was, the great heart of human, and therefore of divine, tenderness; and we may fairly believe that we shall at last get social and individual salvation from the Nazarene. I lift my pen for a moment to consider what I and mine could do without Jesus. "A man who fails to get the warmth of that great soul must lose the best stimulus to virtue and honor. You will lose rather than gain if you approach him as the mere makeshift of a creative failure. Jesus is one of the family, magnificently gifted with a genius for human sympathy, —a man who, above all things, loved human nature. The fullest definition of him would be, he loved others, not for his own sake; he loved the poor, not as their master, but as their fellow and helper. No one ever lived with less reverence for ritual or less regard for accepted creeds. Those, however, who have looked on him as a product out of nature have necessarily involved his law of benevolence and salvation thereby in a tangle of redemption from the wrath of an angry God; and to-day they can do no better than tell us that this rich, full love-soul is to end his career of beneficence as a judge and executioner of those who, loveless and hopeless, have never felt his love nor even heard his name."

So intense is my own need of Jesus for myself and my loved ones that I cannot in words estimate the loss which would accrue from being compelled to give up the living, loving teacher and example of self-denying honor and devotion to truth and right, for a blood sacrifice. Can we rejoice too much

that at last the whole Christian world is struggling to get back of mediævalism to Jesus himself? What else really is going on anywhere? France is being reborn with a new Jesus-love, they tell us. Russia has its new life in Stundism. All along the line in England and America Orthodoxy gives up its cold theories, and takes the living Jesus. "We must go back to Jesus," says Tolstoï. Well, that is a blunder. We must let Jesus go forward with us. What we want with our truth-worship is also the burning love for a noble character.

Nearly thirty years ago it is now that I worked in my first Western parish,—worked and longed for sympathy. Grown up in Calvinism, but with an hereditary taint of free thinking, I yet knew nothing of Unitarians or Universalists, or free men of any sort. Yet slowly and surely my old beliefs were passing away; and what was to come of it I did not see. The one great want was a brother; and him I could not find. To mention a doubt in conferences and associations with brother clergymen was sure to create a suspicion of "soundness," and therefore of fitness to preach. The change had begun so early in my studies that I had been forewarned, and had refused to join any ecclesiastical body, and so sign away my entire freedom, or subject myself to expulsion and stigma. I was walking wofully alone. The charge was of course made of stubbornness; and I do not forget the urgency with which a prominent preacher said, "You should join the Association: not one of us believes the whole creed." "That would be a living lie," I replied. Yet I found a little later that some Unitarians held that all in my position were cowards and false for not coming into their organization. It was a terrible trial; and only that my church was rapidly filling with young people, who knew nothing of creeds, the position would have been intolerable. Do you wonder that the living, actual, practical, touchable Jesus became of great importance to me? Practically, if not theoretically, I had forgotten he was a member of a Triune Godhead. He was at least a loving, humane brother, to whom I could go for sympathy. Probably there was a lingering reminiscence in my thoughts of "pardon for Jesus' sake."

I know that, when I met Laird Collier, he thought so; and he was not over-helpful, because he was impatient. Then Dr. Bellows came along, and mellowed down into my lonesome nest, leaving me wiser and happier. But soon after he swept all of us middle-ground holders into a limbo of moral and intellectual dishonesty by a great address delivered in St. Louis for our benefit. But Dr. Eliot soon met me, and, in his undogmatic and generous way, led me along to touch a half-dozen more mile-stones toward the Father and Freedom. What a man he was! Then Learned, at first a little startling for his unflinching candor, won my more than esteem by his ever-helpful courage and faithfulness to truth. And Jones and Sunderland and Hosmer and Ames,—what shall I say too much of these?

All the way was I going farther from Jesus, because I was learning to despise the doctrine of blood atonement? It seemed so to others. And I have filed away many touching letters, as well as some spiteful ones, from old friends, charging me with denying Jesus. They could not think of him except as a divine, supernatural being, who died to pacify an angry Father.

Pardon these reminiscences; but so strongly do I feel the power of the central love, the divine faithfulness, as manifested in Jesus, to save us from selfishness in its thousand ruinous forms, that I believe the final rallying point of the churches will not be speculation, liberalism, agnostic liberty, or any form of dogma, but it will be Jesus. I believe we are steadily getting to a point where we can understand our origin. The Church began as the Church of Jesus the Christ. It was seeded in love. It was nourished with that one almighty thought of unselfish brotherhood. It grew with enthusiasm for the great soul of beauty and self-sacrifice. O Jesus! a glimpse of thy manhood melts us still. Extreme radical as I am in dogma, resenting also the least dictation of any man or organization, I know the power of that sweet will that had only in view to save men from ruin or degeneration. "Take them," I said to Prof. Dodge, "take my boys, and do you get altogether into the arms of Jesus, and find out all you can of him." We want personal love. I mean not so much one to love us, but one to love. That is the most valuable friend who is so wholesome that you can admire, honor, and idealize him. The lead-

ership of Jesus has never been surpassed. Our political heroes do not approximate this character. Education, therefore, is pitifully barren that does not bring our young people closer to Jesus than to any other. It is possible to eliminate from Christianity every element of ecclesiasticism, and yet in a personal relation to Jesus have all that the original Church aimed to be.

E. P. Powell.

Clinton, N.Y.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes has recently passed his eighty-third birthday, an event which has been widely noticed by his multitude of personal friends and by the literary public. His health remains remarkably good. Of the many tributes which his birthday has called out, we print Whittier's and Dr. Hale's.

FROM WHITTIER.*

We have grown old together; we have seen,
Our youth and age between,
Two generations leave us, and to-day
We with the third hold way,

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run
To those who, one by one,
In the great silence and the dark beyond
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost, our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill,
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood
Of mingled ill and good,
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,
For pity more than blame,—

The gift is thine the weary world to make
More cheerful for thy sake,
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains
With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of discontent
With smiles of blessings sent.
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,
Thank God! for notes more glad.

. . . . . .

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem;
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because he lives.

* In the September *Atlantic Monthly*.

FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE.*

Dr. Holmes has the pleasure of knowing what is thought of some of his work by the generations after that for which it was first written. It is hard to think of a man, still as young as he is, born only seventeen years after Shelley. This generation is celebrating Shelley's centennial as if he belonged to the past. But we all count Dr. Holmes as pre-eminently belonging to our own time.

The writer of these lines could not but notice, in a recent visit to England, how Dr. Holmes has attained there a form of success which in his lecture on Dr. Watts he spoke of as most desirable. To be the writer of the hymns of a great people makes a poet sure that his words are on the lips and in the hearts of thousands who know no poetry but hymns. He is loved and thanked—year after year, generation after generation—by thousands, in the end by millions, among whom are many who know no joy of literature but that it gives them their poetry on Sunday. In the hymn-books of the Church of England and of the Non-conformists, both of the evangelical and of the more bold communions, are the hymns of our own poet. He has won that recognition in all homes which he has described as a reward so grateful.

He is one of us here in Boston. He has mourned when we lamented. He has led us in our joys. In the great trial of the nation he was one of those who led the nation. In our own home pleasures, we meet him every day and rejoice in his health, as we ask for his smile and sympathy. We would—

"Bring laurels and bays, if anybody had any,
To crown on his birthday the Chief of our Academy."

* In the Boston *Commonwealth*.

It is nine years since the readers of the New York *Critic*, by a unanimous election, voted that he stood at the head of American men of letters. We all congratulate ourselves that he holds that place to-day, on his eighty-third birthday. Surely, he shows, from day to day, that it is still his own.

"Moral, for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old."

TOWER HILL ASSEMBLY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

I am requested by the editor of the *Unitarian* to give a brief account of our two weeks at Tower Hill this summer, and I gladly comply with the request,—at least, with a part of it. I can hardly comply with it all, since he asks me to "give our readers a taste of the best of it all." That were impossible. For the best of it all was the landscape in which it was set,—the fifty miles of hill and vale, of forest and field, at the foot of Tower Hill, with the silent Wisconsin winding through its green carpet like a silver thread. And, as Emerson says of the sparrow's song, "I did not bring home the river and sky,"—at least, not in such shape that I could unroll them before your readers, though I did bring the picture home in my soul of souls, where it still hangs, its sky forever blue and its earth forever green, with the majestic stream flowing evermore on its noiseless way. No more ideal spot could have been chosen for a summer rest and a study of noble subjects, and no more ideal weather could have been asked for than that which we were blessed with.

And the literary and religious part was not out of harmony with its setting. The main feature of the Institute was a study of the next year's subjects in our Six Years' Course,—a study of Essentials of Character and a study of the Growth of the Hebrew Religion. The former subject occupied the first three mornings, and was conducted by Rev. C. H. McDougall of Madison, Wis., who made it a very interesting and profitable season for us all, sometimes carrying the subject out of the Sunday-school into the home,—carrying the war into Africa, as it were.

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion occupied the remaining nine mornings, and was set forth in a series of more or less informal lectures by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Hugenholtz was a former pupil as well as a warm personal friend of the late Prof. Kuenen, and gave us the benefit of his full and exact knowledge and of his long experience in teaching his Sunday-schools, both in Holland and America, a course of lessons very much like that we are now aiming to introduce. He divided the subject into three periods: the age which gave Israel its one God; the Age of the Prophets, who gave Israel a God of righteousness; and the Age of the Scribes and Priests, when the former growth hardened into laws and ceremonies. The topics were treated admirably. The method was strictly scientific, yet the leader wove in so much of real life into his exposition and so often kindled into a glow of eloquence over the noble spirit of the Hebrew race that the attention and interest of his hearers never flagged.

Thus the two hours immediately before dinner were spent. But at eight in the morning there was an "Uplift" of song and service and poem or story for half an hour; and in the afternoon another hour and a half were given to the study of Browning, Whitman, and Ibsen, for those who wished it. These two meetings were conducted by Mr. Jones, and were well attended. In the evening there were lectures in the Pavilion on various subjects,—on the World's Fair, by one of its staff, on historical topics, by professors from Madison, on phases of the Labor Question, by Mr. McDougall, and so on. Every evening but Saturday was thus occupied. On that evening the young people had dancing and ice-cream.

Perhaps the most enjoyable day of the whole two weeks was the middle Sunday, when the beautiful new Pavilion was dedicated to Emerson's memory. Mr. Jones gave us a graphic biographical sketch of our beloved apostle in the morning, and in the afternoon Prof. Frankenberger of the Wisconsin University gave us an eloquent and luminous outline of Emerson's philosophy. And Mr. Hugenholtz followed with the rather startling question whether we had any right to dedicate our house of worship to Emerson, who had withdrawn from all connection with churches during his life. But

our Holland friend thought that even Emerson would not object to having such an edifice as this named after him,—a house built in the heart of the forest with neither walls nor doors to keep worshippers out or in, and with a massive oak-tree trunk as its pulpit. And then, with simple and reverent words, the graceful structure was dedicated to the great spiritual awakener of modern times.

But, though this Sunday was the best, yet the other Sundays were inspiring. On July 31 we had an open-air service, morning and afternoon, at Lone Rock, eighteen miles away; and on August 14 we had a similar service, more largely attended, at Tower Hill in the Pavilion. For twenty miles around the farmers came in their wagons, and brought their families and their dinners to all three of the Sunday services and to many of the week-day services.

In fact, this attendance of farmers and their children in the middle of the summer was to me the most surprising thing about these meetings. I doubt if it could be matched in New England. At any rate, I never knew the like there in the years I passed in Maine and Massachusetts. But here, in the heart of Wisconsin, it seems as if the woods were full of people eager to hear liberal religion and lofty thought. Certainly, this summer settlement on Tower Hill has found or made a sympathetic community about it; and, in either case, it is doing an incalculable amount of good in thus bringing a wider horizon and higher aim to the young people of this quiet and sparsely settled region.

And I am glad to see that Tower Hill is prospering. This year it has eight or ten substantial cottages and dormitories, besides several tents, a dining-hall, a power house to furnish water, and the tasty and convenient little Emerson Pavilion. And, besides the charms of forest and hill and the conveniences of civilization, it has excellent bathing in the warm, clear waters of the Wisconsin River. The bathing place is usually safe, too, in spite of the fatal accident which saddened the close of the Institute.

There are two wide, shallow basins for bathing, situated several hundred feet from the deep current. It is only by leaving the safe basins and entering the current that one who is not a swimmer finds himself in danger. And that was the way in which Miss Lackensteen was drowned. It was to rescue her that another young lady sprang into the deep water, and came near drowning also, and was only saved by her own heroic self-control and the prompt help of several young men, one of whom lost his life in his brave efforts to reach her.

It was a terrible event to us all; yet the unselfish, heroic spirit it called out in every one connected with it,—in the young lady who was saved, in the young men who risked their lives to save her, and in the bereaved parents,—all combined to touch the sadness with a ray of light. If the tragedy was to come, none could have borne themselves more nobly in it. And the sweet spirit of the mother, in laying her beloved daughter to rest in that quiet valley, is one that all who know the spot will understand and appreciate.

A. W. Gould.

Hinsdale, Ill., Aug. 27.

MR. CHADWICK'S ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The services at Mr. Curtis's funeral were as simple as the character and habit of the man required. His body lay in his study; and close by, upon his desk, the face of Emerson, as Mr. French has fashioned it, smiled serenely down upon his silent friend. All about, hiding in part the crowded shelves, were the busts and pictures of other friends and aiders of this man who would live in the spirit, and did the thing he would. There were a few simple flowers upon the desk; and on the coffin lay a noble wreath, the gift of Mr. Curtis's country neighbors, brought by a delegation from Ashfield, with an expression of the people's sorrow as tender as could be put in words. The body was laid to rest at New Dorp, in the old Huguenot settlement on Staten Island, which, from a lofty eminence, overlooks the lower bay where the great ships forever come and go. The grave of Francis George Shaw, one of the best of men, and the cenotaph of Robert G. Shaw, his son, and the brother of Mrs. Curtis, who died at Fort Wagner, "and was buried there," as the inscription runs, are in the enclosure where Mr. Curtis's body has been laid.

The services at the house and at the grave were conducted by Rev. John W. Chadwick,

of Brooklyn, N.Y.; and his address, as printed in the New York *Tribune*, was as follows:—

The thing we greatly feared has come upon us. What seemed as if it must not, could not, be has come to pass; and we must bear the painful circumstance as best we can. It seemed almost impossible, because he was loved so much, needed so much, because his faithful diligence had seemed to earn for him a happy and serene old age, because he was certain to grow old as gracefully as he did everything else, and enrich our lives with many a pleasant, inspiring story of the things which he had seen and in which he had greatly shared.

I could wish it had been granted me to take a passive part in these sad offices of tender memory and loving praise. I am too much bereft, and my own heart is too rebellious in its sorrow for me to think aright the words of comfort and of peace. To have known Mr. Curtis as I have known him, to have been privileged to call him friend, to have enjoyed the fragrant beauty and the quiet goodness of his more private life,— these things have been so sweet and precious to my mind, they have made so rich a portion of my life, that where they have fallen away there is a dreadful ache, a bitter loneliness that craves some help and healing such as I dare not hope that I can bring to you.

But it is easier for me to speak to you because I know that only the most absolute simplicity can satisfy your sense of what is fit and right, knowing, as you do, how simple he would have my words if he could regulate my speech. The time will come for noble eulogy, though where to turn for such as his own "music of wild lutes and silver-coated flutes" rendered to Irving and to Bryant, to Sumner and to Phillips and to Lowell, alas! we do not know. When its shape arises, there will be ample recognition of his great public services, not only with his voice and pen, but with the personal impression that he made on such as were responsive to the best and highest things.

It will be told how splendid was his contribution to the anti-slavery cause, when it had fairly entered on the political stage of its career, how clear his voice rang out for the nationality of freedom, and how, when the armies of freedom and slavery confronted each other in the field, his cry was ever a deep echo of the Eternal Voice proclaiming, "Let my people go!" It will be told how week after week, for nearly thirty years, he made the journal which he edited the organ and expression of everything that was most ideal and honorable in our political and social life, the critic and assailant of everything that is shameful, mean, and low, and how his lesser editorial function touched with an Ithuriel spear the vanities and follies of the time, discovering so their actual quality, while equally each right and fair and beautiful and blessed thing was made to shine with its own light and draw to it the reader's heart. Moreover, in a world not overburdened with delightfully amusing, mirth-provoking things, how good it was to follow in that happy dance wherein his kindly humor led the way! Last, but not least, our faithful eulogist, when he shall come, will tell of our dear friend's achievement in the purification of the civil service of our government in its various branches from those corrosive stains which ate into its heart and life. What gives the sorrow of this time its keenest edge is that he died while yet the great work of purification, in which he had a hundred great allies, was not half accomplished; and who is there to take his place, to be the personal centre of those moral forces which are making for the enlivening of the public conscience and the redemption of the common weal? Nay, but we are not worthy to be called his followers and friends if we do not, each man and woman, pledge ourselves by this sacred sorrow to make up in our own more resolute endeavor a part of that energy which has been lost by his withdrawal from our sight! Nor will the coming eulogist forget that, in his high devotion to the principle of character in politics, Mr. Curtis was the first Independent of our time, making the dying words of old John Adams ring out a music which they never had before for generous and courageous hearts.

But all these things must wait for time and place, "the hour and the man." Here in the quiet of his home it must be mainly of the more personal and interior aspects of this beautiful life that we think and speak together. Those who were fortunate enough to know these aspects well almost forgot that here was one of the foremost leaders of his generation, and remembered only that

here was one of the kindliest and best of men. He loved the epitaph in Mt. Auburn of which Lowell told, "She was so pleasant." He was so pleasant that it was delightful and refreshing to draw near to him in any personal way. How could this genial spirit, with so much charity for all, with no malice for the worst offenders, ever be a flame to scorch iniquity and a power to hurl wrong-doers down? Yet, with all these beautiful domestic traits, this flow of happy talk, these cordial sympathies with the most humble of his associates in life's working gear, these neighborly affections that a word or look could speed upon their way, the gentleness of his nature was not more remarkable than its sturdy strength.

Emerson said that Carlyle was "a trip-hammer with an Æolian attachment." In the main region of his nature our friend was an Æolian harp, an instrument of wandering melodies; but this instrument had its attachment, and not the big war-trumpets of Dulkarnein could give forth a more vigorous and stirring sound. Rich in friends as few men have ever been, his loyalty deserved their perfect trust. In the enjoyment of their loved society, he was as quiet as the summer sea when all the winds are stilled; but, let them be assailed unjustly, and the offender might well dread the lightning of his wrath, the hissing rain of his indignant "hate of hate" and "scorn of scorn."

He was, I think, one of the happiest of men. His friends—those closest to his heart—were not so many as they were great and noble, high and pure. To love and to be loved by such was a continual incitement to "the best and honorablest things." And he was happy in his work. It was for him "the haven where he would be." He never rested from it, but he rested in it with a serene and beautiful content. And he was still further happy in the spiritual companionship which he enjoyed with all the noblest spirits of the world whom, not having seen, he loved. Sidney and Russell, Hampden and Vane, James Otis and Samuel Adams,—these to him were not merely persons of whom he had heard and read. They were to him as living men to whom he looked for inspiration in his good endeavor, and he was not unworthy to be accounted one of their glorious company. But all this various happiness was little in comparison with that which gladdened him in the most intimate relations of his daily life. The loves and hopes and joys which centred here were more to him than any plaudits of the multitude or praise of men, and made him whole from every hurt of the embattled world.

The loss which we deplore is of what might have been, and not of what we have already seen and known. "The past, at least, is secure." But did his happy fortune leave him wholly at the last? It is the privilege of those who die in youth, says wisdom's speech, to be forever young in the affectionate memory of their surviving friends. If our friend was no longer young, "decay's effacing fingers" had not touched his powers and gifts when sickness struck him down. There is some comfort in the assurance that now they cannot touch those beauteous things. It was as if Nature dreaded any less degree of what had been so perfect and so fair, and "shattered the dome of many-colored glass" while still our eyes were happy with its loveliest hues.

His were the kingly virtues,—"patience, devotion, courage, fortitude,"—yet not more fitted to adorn a king than one who was the tribune of the people, and who had no aspiration which was not rightly theirs,—patience not only of the passive kind, which bore without a murmur the long weeks of bitter pain, but also that which had its "perfect work"; devotion to all lofty interests and crying needs; courage to be himself and speak his word, let who would hear him or forbear; fortitude to withstand all threatening clamor and all friendly protestation, once he had well assured himself of the divine command.

He loved the dying words of Walter Scott, so simple and so sweet, spoken to Lockhart on a September day as beautiful as this,—"Be a good man." They shone for him in the pages of history, in the biographies of great men and noble women, in the light of friendly eyes, and in the exigencies of the fleeting hour,—"Be a good man"; and he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision and the heavenly voice. He was a good man. This is the heart of all our sweetest comfort in this place of loss and tears. His splendid faculties, his radiant gifts, the gracious arts he had at his command and used so well, in the perspective of this place and time, seem almost nothing in comparison to that stainless rectitude, that conscience for reality and truth and righteousness which were the ultimate foundations of his life, and made him

what he was in all its most essential hopes and aims.

If there is any balm for sorrow such as ours, it is in the remembrance of a life so pure and strong, and in the hope it makes of a prophecy that this, which we call death, is not the end.

"So let us wait the instant men call years.
Meantime hold fast by truth and his great soul.
Do out the duty. By such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light
For us in the dark to rise by, and we rise."

HOW MR. CURTIS SAVED US FROM CIVIL WAR.

I have said a hundred times, and am glad here to put on record my opinion, that at a great moment in our history George William Curtis spoke the word which was most needed to save the nation from terrible calamity. It was at the annual dinner of the Forefathers' Society of the city of New York, at Delmonico's Hotel, in 1876. That society embodies some of the very best of the leaders of business and of social life in New York, and it is the pride of its managers to assemble on Forefathers' Day the very best of the leaders, who are not of New England blood, who represent the highest and most important interests in that city. On the anniversary of 1876 I had the honor and pleasure of representing at their dinner party Boston and the New Englanders who had not emigrated. It was at the moment when the Hayes–Tilden difficulty was at its very worst. Intelligent men and even decent newspapers spoke freely of the possibility of civil war. The dead-lock seemed absolute, and even men perfectly loyal to the principles of American government turned pale as they looked forward to the issue. In the distinguished company of perhaps three hundred representive men, at Delmonico's, about half believed to the bottom of their hearts that Mr. Tilden was chosen President. The other half believed with equal certainty that Mr. Hayes was chosen. I myself had no more doubt then than I have now that Mr. Hayes was fairly chosen. I sat by a Mayor of New York, a man of high character and level head, who told me that he had postponed his journey to Cuba that he might be present at Mr Tilden's inauguration. He was as sure of that inauguration as he was that he lived.

Before such an audience Mr. Curtis rose to speak. Instantly—as always—he held them in rapt attention. It would have been perfectly easy for a timid man, or even a person of historic taste, to avoid the great subject of the hour. Mr. Curtis might have talked well about Brewster and Carver, Leyden and Delfthaven, and have left Washington and the White House alone. But he was not a timid man. He was much more than a man of delicate taste, well trained and elegant. And therefore he plunged right into the terrible subject. Terrible is the only word. He passed from point to point of its intricacies, of which he did not underrate the difficulty. He then used the privilege of the occasion, citing the common sense of the conscientious statesmen of our race ; and he came out with his expression of his certain confidence that the good sense of the sons of such an ancestry would devise a tribunal impartial enough and august enough to determine the question to the unanimous assent of the nation.

He said this so clearly and certainly that he carried with him every man in the assembly. Almost on the moment every man was on his feet, cheering the sentiment. I know that the Mayor of New York and I, who had but just before been absolutely at cross-purposes in our talk, were standing side by side, each with one foot in his chair and the other foot on the table, cheering and waving our handkerchiefs. So was every other man of the twenty guests at the table.

Those three hundred men of mark in New York went home that night, and went to their business the next day, to say that a court of arbitration must be established to settle that controversy. In that moment of Mr. Curtis's triumph, as I believe, it was settled. This is certain: that from that moment as every careful reader may find to-day, the whole tone of the press of all parties in the city of New York expressed the belief which he expressed then, and which that assembly of leaders approved by their cheers. And from that moment to this moment there has been no more talk of civil war.

Because I remember Mr. Curtis in a scene like this, where he showed the courage of his convictions, I am a little sensitive when

I hear people speak of his "elegance" and "eloquence," and of his being "the last of the orators," as if he were only or chiefly a dainty man, who valued especially the arts of expression. Undoubtedly he did value them, for he was not a fool. But he valued them for the use which he could make of them for the welfare of the State, not for themselves or for his own immediate reputation.— *Edward E. Hale in the Boston Commonwealth.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Gone to thy heavenly Father's rest,
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing;
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Shiloh's waters gently flowing.
O loved of thousands! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee.
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee."

These words, addressed by John G. Whittier to a good man long since passed away, may with equal appropriateness be applied to himself. By his departure our country is bereaved, not only of a great poet, but of a great-hearted man, a preacher of righteousness, an apostle of humanity. In his young manhood he devoted himself to the work of the abolition of American slavery, and faithfully did he keep his vow of consecration.

In the year 1833 he affixed his name to the Declaration of Sentiments which initiated the American Anti-slavery Society. Of the sixty-two brave men who signed that document, Mr. Whittier and Mr. Robert Purvis of Philadelphia have long been the sole survivors.

Neither Mr. Whittier nor his fellow Abolitionists comprehended the magnitude of the task which they were undertaking. Very slowly it dawned upon them. I well remember the cheerful confidence with which, in its early days, Mr. Whittier predicted its accomplishment within ten years. There awaited for him and his coadjutors a painful awakening to the fact that the Northern Church and State and Market were in the grasp of the Slave Power, and ready to do battle in its behalf. When this revelation came to him, he held straight on his course. There was nothing else to be done. This gift of song, and all his powers, were his weapons in this moral warfare. Whether or not at the outset he counted the cost, he paid it unflinchingly. In after years, when the victory was won, and the cross of the Abolitionist became a crown, he spoke to a friend of the long period during which literary periodicals were closed to his writings; and, he added, "Now that they are all open to me, I have little health and strength for writing."

His sympathy and aid were not restricted to one department of philanthropy. All sufferers shared in it. The starving victims of despotism in the Old World, the overtasked workmen in the New. Neglected children, oppressed women, found in him a tender friend and brave champion. With his keen sense of justice and ardent love of right, he naturally advocated the claim of woman to the highest education, the fullest opportunity for remunerative labor, to equality with other citizens before the law, and to the ballot which should aid her to secure all these. A lover of peace, tender and gentle, he could sternly resist wrong and boldly reprove the wrong-doer. He would accept no ecclesiastical ritual, of his own or any other church, as substitute for practical religion. And sadly did he deplore, and faithfully rebuke, the sin of the American churches, his own included, in their refusal to come up to the help of the Abolitionists against the might of the Slave Power.

He loved his church, the church of his fathers. Yet he was largely charitable to others. The catholicity of his spirit is shown in his well-known answer to the question, "What is it to be a Jew?" "I don't know what it is to be a Jew, but I know what it is to be a Christian who has no quarrel with others about their creed, and can love, respect, and honor a Jew who honestly believes in the faith of his fathers, and who obeys the two great commandments, 'Love to God and Love to Man.'"

With advancing age, religion naturally became with him more and more spiritual and simple. Not very long ago he told me of the decreasing length of his theological creed. I asked him if he did not believe more firmly the portion of it which he still held, and he quickly answered, "Yes, I do."

The deep sorrow with which his absence is mourned by his personal friends, and by

thousands of souls whom he has helped to struggle and aspire, and to win victories, is mingled with unselfish joy for his glorious translation.

He will not lack eulogists. Many pens and voices will keep his memory green. Yet, as one blest with his friendship from youth to age, and comradeship with him in the greatest moral revolution of this century, I offer this slight tribute to his worth.

MARY GREW.

Philadelphia, Sept. 9.

TRIBUTES TO WHITTIER.

(*Written from 1877 to 1892.*)

FROM JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, SEPT. 7, 1892.

Hail to thee and all good cheer,
Though men say thou liest here
Dead,
And weep all uncomforted.

By thy faith, refining mine,
Life still lights those eyes of thine
Clear
As the autumn atmosphere.

Ever still thy smile appears
As the rainbow of thy tears,
Bent
O'er thy love's vast firmament.

Thou endurest—shalt endure,
Purely, as thy song is pure.
Hear
Thus my hail: good cheer, good cheer.

FROM EDWARD EVERETT HALE, SEPT. 10, 1892.

It is not easy, in our quiet times, to estimate as it deserves such service as Whittier has rendered to his country. It is a service such as he never dreamed of himself even in those hopeful days of his youth which he has so well described. A farmer's boy, who was willing to work in the shoe-shop, has made himself the poet of freedom. Nay, he has won his way to the hearts of the nation because he is one of the people, who knows their life and sympathizes with them in every trial. He has not despised his surroundings, he has not been indignant because they were what they were. Rather, he has used his surroundings, and has made them the stepping-stones of his power and his fame. First and last, he has chosen intimacy with the Infinite Spirit who is in all life as the companionship and society which he has most enjoyed. Because of this intimacy with God, he has won the confidence and affection of all God's children who have seen him or have read his writing. And he dies honored and loved of this community, not because of his skill in rhyming, not because of his careful study of literature, but because in every exigency he said what he believed in the way in which he could best say it at the moment. With God's help he thought for himself, he said exactly what he thought,—no more and no less,—and he did exactly what he said.

FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON WHITTIER'S EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

My dear Whittier,— I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past. Happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon.

It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with your own.

FROM LOWELL, ON WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

How fair a pearl chain, eighty strong,
Lustrous and hallowed every one
With saintly thoughts and sacred song,
As 'twere the rosary of a nun!

FROM C. P. CRANCH, ON WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Unbidden to the feast where friends have brought,
To greet thy seventy years, their wreaths of rhyme,—
For that thy form erect such weight of time
Should bear was never present to my thought,—

Whittier! I bring my offering, though unsought.
Thou, first of all our bards, hast rung the chime
Of souls, with zeal against a nation's crime.
Thy fire, intense, yet soft, from heaven was caught,
Thou, too, the dear neglected chords hast wooed
Of plain New England life, and earned a fame
From whose wide light thy modest nature shrinks.
Long shall the land revere and love thy name;
Long find among thy songs the golden links
That bind the world in peace and brotherhood.

FROM HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Mr. Whittier is the true poet, whose life is a poem; and our friend has received grace of the Father to live such a life. His life has been a consecration, his songs an insipration, to all that is highest and best. It has been his chief glory, not that he could speak inspired words, but that he spoke them for the despised, the helpless, and the dumb; for those too ignorant to honor, too poor to reward him. Grace was given him to know his Lord in the lowest disguise, even that of the poor hunted slave, and to follow him in heart into prison and unto death. He had words of pity for all, words of severity for none but the cruel and hard-hearted. Though the land beyond this world be more beautiful and more worthy of him, let us pray the Father to spare him to us yet more years, and to fill those years with blessing.

FROM JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

He has enlarged his sect, noble, though small,—
For all who stood, with him, the slave to free;
Who love, with him, the motherland; and all
Who share his faith in God and liberty;
Who kindle with the music of his song;
Trust in that heaven of love which round him bends:
All these to his broad human church belong,
And make one brotherhood of Whittier's friends.

FROM FRANCIS PARKMAN.

What seems to me especially admirable in Mr. Whittier's poems is their genuine Americanism. They are the growth of our own soil, and belong as much to New England as her asters and golden-rod. Nobody has done more than he to emancipate American literature from provincialism.

FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Faithful to God and man, his song and his life have flowed on together, broad and calm and full as his own Merrimack,—"a perpetual benediction."

FROM SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Whittier is himself to a singular degree in his verse. We read it with delight, not merely for its beauty, its tenderness, its lofty moral strain, but, beyond all, for its genuineness. We are sure that nothing in it is affected; every line is in earnest; nothing is there for literary effect or literary finish. It often has a literary charm, but this is always secondary to the thought and feeling, the tender sentiment or the moral indignation, which are seeking the directest expression. It is this note of genuineness which gives it a lasting value.

FROM LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

I thank thee, friend, for words of cheer
That made the path of duty clear,
When thou and I were young and strong
To wrestle with a mighty wrong.
And now, when lengthening shadows come,
And this world's work is nearly done,
I thank thee for thy genial ray,
That prophesies a brighter day,
When we can work, with strength renewed,
In clearer light, for surer good.
God bless thee, friend, and give thee peace,
Till thy fervent spirit finds release!
And may we meet in worlds afar,
My Morning and my Evening Star!

FROM HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.

O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury, thou, too, hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

FROM CYRUS A. BARTOL.

How describe a man who has atmosphere without airs? How analyze a character in which simplicity is skill, and thought is sensibility, and conscience is kindness, and blame is blessing, and service is freedom, and stillness is speech, and the citizen is a saint? How depict affections that play like sunbeams, not in the "dry light" Lord Bacon prefers, but with a tender and humorous beauty, of which a perfect June cloud is the figure, with tints, that seem transparent, of sapphire and gold? But I shall do what I question unless I refrain. The Jewish elders entreat Jesus to heal the servant of a centurion, who, as they say, "is worthy because he loved our nation and hath built us a synagogue." The record runs that the servant was dear to him and ready to die. Roman and Hebrew are on one canvas with the slave. The Christ-like humanity of Whittier demands a frame and color of no less breadth.

FROM JOHN D. LONG.

Whittier is, of all others, the poet of the people of New England,—the best expression of their faith and heart and home. I am grateful to him, as are they all, for words which, singing his own affections and sympathies, his own love of the fields and hills, his own patriotism and religion, his own heartbreak and hope and peace, have sung ours with us and for us.

REV. HENRY IERSON.

It will be a sorrow to many in America to learn of the death of Rev. Henry Ierson, who has been for a considerable number of years secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Few men held so high a place in the esteem and confidence of English Unitarians as Mr. Ierson. Scores of American Unitarians visiting London have had experience of his kindness. Many of us remember with pleasure a visit he made to this country some years ago.

He was born in London in 1819; was educated at a small Baptist college and at the University of Edinburgh; began preaching as a Baptist; gradually changed his views, and became pastor successively of two Unitarian churches in London. Seventeen years ago he was elected to the position, which he held up to almost the time of his death, of secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He had been out of health for some months, yet his death was sudden and unexpected at last. His funeral took place at Highgate Cemetery, London, September 1, Rev. Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford officiating. There was a large attendance. Prof. Carpenter's address was in part as follows: "It was in the spirit of constant and unswerving faithfulness to duty that our brother lived and died. That same steadfastness which early gained him university distinction ran through all his years. In theology it made him loyal to conviction, and led him out of the communion in which he first ministered into the sphere of the truth which he found in Unitarian Christianity. To the maintenance and promotion of that truth he gave himself, with no narrow aim or mere sectarian zeal. It was the expression to him, not of a party triumph, but of an infinite reality; it was the mode in which he felt and knew the everlasting mystery of the life of God in man. For this he labored with no outward display, with a simple sincerity of conviction which no disappointments could mar; a patient industry, neglecting nothing within its reach; a gentleness and courtesy which opposition did not sour; a faithfulness that did not tire. In distant lands the genuineness of his character was at once recognized; and where he was known respect and affection followed in his steps. And now he has made the last journey; and in that land which to us, indeed, is silent, but to God is vocal with innumerable harmonies of praise, all that was in him shall be understood and fulfilled in the eternal purposes of God. To the Father who gave him being you commit him whom you have loved, in the great trust that the faithfulness of earth is the preparation for the larger knowledge and the higher attainment of the joyful fellowship of heaven."

THE REV. CRAWFORD A. NIGHTINGALE.

"Enoch was not: God took him."

Our dear Brother Nightingale went from us very suddenly; but his influence abides with us still, the good man's example.

Wherever he served his fellow-men in the ministry of grace and truth, which he loved, he has left, I am sure, a lasting impression of a faithful minister, bent on doing good, and in many hearts tender memories of loving, helpful service in the hour of affliction, when God struck home in earnest.

It was certainly so here in Groton, where for thirteen years, including the stormy period of the Civil War, he faithfully served the ancient church which dates its organization from 1662, and was regarded as no unworthy successor of the able and, in three instances, eminent preachers who preceded him.

Judged by the additions to the church during those years, his ministry was eminently successful, which would indicate power in the preacher to persuade men, and to rally round the symbols of religion a goodly part of his congregation, and presumably, to his side in the various activities of the church.

Mr. Nightingale was never guilty of being dull in the pulpit. He had a bright mind, and sometimes it sparkled; and the sparks flew, and sometimes they *burnt*. He loved his profession, he loved to preach; and always ready, often panting to speak, he carried unusual fervor of thought and the ardor of a nervous temperament, at times all its cords intensely strung, into his ministrations, which were a good deal above the average, for the most part. What with his natural ardency, with his ready memory of incidents and his fertility of illustration, his wit, and his love of making a point without always caring how sharp the point was, it is safe to say his congregation never went to sleep. They always listened to him, even if they could not agree with him. His sincerity was never questioned, nor his kindness of heart, nor his desire to be a true ambassador of God. To have the courage of his convictions was to him as natural as to breathe. The fear of man was never before his eyes. The tenderness of his feelings, his sympathetic touch with human pain, and his desire to be of comfort to the afflicted and bereaved were always sure to bring from him, at the bier and the grave, a full appreciation of the better side of frail human nature, a generous estimate of character, and a pitiful taking into view of all the struggles which beset men here, and too often turn the best of us aside from the true and beautiful way.

His social qualities were all that could be desired, I should say, in a minister. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He was accessible to all, and always affable. "The dainty white hand is still more admired than the brown hard hand," but Brother Nightingale could touch palm with any man. I have the impression that the plain people liked him, and "heard him gladly."

I don't know that one could say of him:

> "A merrier man
> Within the limits of becoming mirth
> I never spent an hour's talk withal";

but he was not ungiven to pleasantry, and could be very witty when the mood was on him; and no man ever took his great deprivation—loss of hearing—more easily. There was neither jealousy nor suspicion in his nature.

Thoroughly devoted to the ministry, he was of course, also interested in public affairs. He was public-spirited, eminently so; and during his residence in Groton no one was more anxious than he to see improvements going on, and to help them on. He was an active member of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, and took a great interest in arboriculture, giving oracular proof of his love of groves and verdant shades by completely embowering the house he built for his own dwelling-place, and by collecting on its grounds a very considerable variety of forest trees. He was a lover of nature and of all natural things; and what is no small praise, said of any man, he tried to be natural himself, and to live near to the truth of things. In short, he was a devoted, faithful minister and a useful citizen, and this wherever his post was assigned. His voice was given to every good work, to good schools clean up to the times, to churches that had not become mere dormitories, to educating and training the rising generations to be the equals of their honored forefathers, and, if possible, by improving the larger op-

portunities, to surpass them in wisdom and knowledge, in the love of country, in public virtue, in all the honors and duties and the especial manliness of a true American citizenship.

My acquaintance with Brother Nightingale, though extending through many years professionally, was not of a sufficiently intimate character to warrant me to speak confidently of those more interior private traits which best "denote a man truly." I have pictured my friend as he appeared to me, and I find the picture is recognized by those who knew him best and loved him most. Of this I am glad.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

JOSHUA YOUNG.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE POEMS OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SUNDAY.

Within and Now.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

The footprints of the life divine,
Which marked their path, remain in thine;
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers.

Then sigh thy restless heart no more
For olden time and holier shore.
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

MONDAY.

All's Well.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain,—
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

TUESDAY.

Divine Care.

Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Who, girt with his immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the springtime's grassy spires;
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy and worlds create,
But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.
To Him, from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind,
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest.

WEDNESDAY.

God in Nature.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

Rocked on her breast, the pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of the hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

THURSDAY.

The Wish of To-day.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—
I ask not now for fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,—
O sweet, fond dream of human love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,—
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan,
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

FRIDAY.

God's Mercies.

For me the ocean lifts its solemn psalm,
To me the pine-woods whisper; and for me
Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,
By greenest banks, with asters purple-starred,
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made gay,
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,
Like a pure spirit to its great reward!

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to thee?
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
Of pain and ill that human life must bear;
Save me from selfish pining; let my heart,
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
The bitter longings of a vain regret,
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
Remembering others, as I have to-day,
In their great sorrow, let me live alway
Not for myself alone, but have a part,
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
In love which is of thee, and which indeed
thou art!

SATURDAY.

True Prayer.

O strong upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life ye start,—
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart!

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains;
The simple heart that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is:
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which wordless, shapes itself in deeds
And wearies Heaven for naught above
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will
That trust of his undoubting child
Whereby all seeming good and ill
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
Of favor, is content to fall
Within the providence which shines
And rains on all.

MIGHTY BELIEVERS.

"In things religious, Unitarians are great, earnest, strong believers. In finding our Bible in all great writings, we are not less, but more, believers in holy scripture; in ranking Jesus as only one in the succession of spiritual leaders, albeit in many ways the greatest one, we are not less, but more, believers in that light of wisdom which, entering into holy souls, maketh them sons of God and prophets; in utterly discarding the thought of a man-God, an ineffable presence localized in space, we are not less, but more, believers in an Indwelling Soul of the Universe, by whom and through whom and to whom are all things; and in rejecting the notion of special divine intervention, and holding to the belief in the unchangeableness of the laws of the universe, we are not less, but more, believers in prayer, because we believe that prayer, as aspiration toward what is holy, and as an expression of thankfulness and trust, is itself in obedience to one of the sublimest of all laws; in renouncing the thought of heaven as a gathering place of perfected souls, and hell as the herding place of damned souls, we are not less, but more, believers in the life everlast-

ing, because we believe that the soul's fate for eternity cannot be dependent upon any deed done in this life, but must be fashioned to glory or to shame, to bliss or to misery, by all the deeds that may be wrought in æons yet to be; and in accepting reason as against tradition, in preferring the science of to-day as against the crude guesses of thousands of years ago, in seeking the aid of philosophy, and in welcoming the outcome of criticism, we are not less, but more, believers in revelation, because we believe that the whole of man and nature *is* revelation when interpreted in the light of the freest, truest, and best thought."

ARTHUR M. JUDY.

Davenport, Ia.

"O FATHER, GIVE ME STRENGTH!"

O Father, give me strength, for strength I pray,—
Strength to surmount the steep and dolorous passes,
And shun the rocks and pits and dread morasses,
And luring things that lurk about life's way,—
That I may reach some grander height ere day
Is done. I would not always through sweet grasses
Walk, idly dreaming. Rather mountain masses
Of stern endeavor let me climb for aye,
Though stumbling oft. Make strong to rend the gyves
Wrought on by use. Make pure, that I may see
The good that shines in other human lives,
May see thy face still beaming, cheering me.
Still upward, as thy whole creation strives,
Here or hereafter, may my travail be!

F. H. KNICKERBOCKER.

St. Ignace, Mich.

Good preaching is, in our judgment, far more common than good reading, or perhaps it would be more correct to say good sermons; for in most cases the weak point of the sermon, if there *was* a weak point, was in the delivery rather than the matter. *Church Quarterly.*

Though the venerable Dr. Newman Hall retired from the ministry recently after a service of fifty years, it is said that he lately preached seven sermons within one week, —an interesting exhibition of industry for a veteran of seventy-six years.

The soul never need wait for feeling before acting. *Do* the present duty: do not wait for a future light. Action is as often the parent of feeling as feeling of action.—*Lyman Abbott.*

THE JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE PROFESSORSHIP.

The fund for the support of this memorial to one of our most useful and highly respected ministers has now reached $43,000. The amount needed for its completion, therefore, is but $7,000. This sum will insure for all time to come a fitting testimonial of the high regard in which that noble Christian preacher was held by the people whom he so long and faithfully served. And, besides, it will secure for that institution, which he helped to establish and always loved and cherished, great increase of efficiency in the education and training of our ministers. Already what has been raised for this object has greatly strengthened and improved the work of the school. It was never in so flourishing a condition; it never had so bright a future of usefulness opening before it. The committee appointed at the last meeting of the National Conference on the additional endowment of Meadville earnestly desire to make up at once the full amount of $50,000 for this fund. Will not all who revere the memory of this devoted servant of every good cause, and who believe in a thoroughly educated Christian ministry, come to our aid, and bring this portion of our work to a speedy close? Let those who have already given, many of whom have given liberally, add something more to their contributions, and all who have not given hasten to send in their gifts to the treasurer, that the fund may be completed, and this institution, which is rendering such important service to our churches, be able to do still better work in time to come. Let us give heartily and quickly small sums or large sums as we may be able. The Endowment Fund Committee also earnestly call for contributions for the Hedge Fund and the General Fund. All gifts to be forwarded to Rev. W. L. Chaffin, North Easton, Mass.

C. A. STAPLES,
W. L. CHAFFIN,
For the Endowment Committee.

A. U. A. APPEAL.

The time has come when the directors of the American Unitarian Association have to appeal to the churches for their annual contribution for missionary work. There has never been a time when the directors could make that appeal so earnestly or with

such ample reasons. The work of the Association was never so large, the circulation of its literature never so great, while the churches which have come into existence in the last five years far surpass in number those which have been created in any equal period in the past. The demand for new churches and the call for our literature are sure steadily to increase. So in every direction the testimony is that the place and work, and with them the duty of the Unitarian body, must with the years enlarge.

But your directors have to report that the contributions heretofore made by the churches are altogether insufficient to do our *present* work. That work, as it now comes to us, must be seriously crippled and demands for more work declined, unless our churches are prepared to increase their gifts. The directors are satisfied, however, that, if societies and individuals really comprehended the condition of things, great additions would be made to our means. What they ask is that ministers and lay people shall study that work. They will then see that a call for a subscription doubly as large as the present is both reasonable and necessary.

In behalf of the Directors,
GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We give prominent place above to the appeal of the American Unitarian Association. Although none of us are so acutely experienced as Secretary Reynolds himself in those pains of the spirit that must accompany the inability to accept the most tempting opportunities of extending the influence of our faith, yet we have all suffered an occasional sting of regret that the darkness of doubt and the fog of barbarian dogma should still shut out so much of the light from the souls of our brethren. It would be very fitting now, while our hearts are throbbing with a grander response to the glowing tributes that have everywhere proclaimed the beauty of liberal faith and the sweetness of natural religion as shown in the lives of our heroes, Curtis and Whittier, if we could lead the spiritual force of that response to memorialize itself in a new and larger contribution to the practical resources of the American Unitarian Association.

It is time for plans to be forming for the Unitarian World's Congress, to be held in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair. What shall be the nature of that Congress? This is an important question, and one that can hardly fail of interest to every one who cares for liberal religion. Preparations cannot be delayed. Suggestions are in order. We think, therefore, our readers will not take it amiss if we devote our editorial space this month to this important matter. The suggestions we offer are the following:—

I. It is plain that there will be too many distractions for those in attendance to be willing to give attention to much "business," or to listen with care or profit to "reports" of our denominational work. Therefore, we hope there will be no thought of making the Congress in any sense a meeting of our National Conference. The regular meeting of that body, it seems to us, should be simply postponed, by its Executive Council, for one year, thus leaving the Congress wholly free to carry out its own plans and serve its own purposes. At the same time the Council of the national organization should of course have a large share in shaping the programme of the Congress, and either the president of the Conference or the chairman of its Council would naturally come first to mind as the proper president of the Congress.

II. It will evidently be a mistake to extend the Congress too long; and yet there will be so many interests to be represented and so many voices to be heard that it will be even a greater mistake to make it too short. We would suggest four days, with a morning and an evening session each day, one of the days to be Sunday. Would this not be both long enough and short enough?

III. The sermon of the Congress (and there ought to be at least one sermon) should be preached by Robert Collyer. Everything—his ability, his age, his fame at home and abroad, and his long connection with Chicago through the most crucial years of its history—mark him as the man beyond question who should be chosen for this service.

IV. As to men from abroad, of course our plans as to whom we would like to hear must be subordinated to the questions, Who are intending to come? who can be induced to come? Yet we should not forget that being invited to give an address or paper before the Congress would doubtless bring some who otherwise might remain at home. It would seem that we ought to plan for at least two of our most eminent English Unitarians—possibly Herford and two others—to take prominent parts, and one from Holland, one from France, one or two from Germany, one from Switzerland, etc. Cannot Prof. Pfleiderer of Berlin be brought over? and Stopford Brooke of London? Of course a prominent place will be given to Mozoomdar. We wonder if Tolstoï will not come. If he does, would it not be well to ask for a paper from him? We believe he speaks and writes English. He would not call himself a Unitarian, but is more in line with us in the general trend and spirit of his thought than with any form of Orthodoxy. Probably our difficulty will be *embarrassment of riches.*

V. It seems to us one of the main sessions of the Congress shoud be devoted to *short addresses* from representatives of liberal religion in *all* the various countries of the world where it is known and from which it is possible to get representatives. These addresses would have to be planned for carefully beforehand, and kept brief,—in some cases, perhaps, very brief; but, this done, no session of the Congress would be more inspiring or important.

VI. As hardly less important, another main session might well be given to short, sharp speeches by representatives, not of different countries, but of different forms of faith within the liberal ranks. Let Universalism be represented by one of its leaders, as Rexford or Adams or Cone or Miner or Crowe; the Independent liberal churches by Thomas or Swing; liberal Congregationalism by Abbott or Gladden; Broad Church Episcopalianism by Heber Newton or Haweis or Prof. Momerie; Swedenborgianism by Barrett or some other; Reformed Judaism by Hirsch or Schindler or Krauskopf; Ethical Culture (if it cares to be represented among religious movements) by Adler or Salter; the Brahmo-Somaj of India by Mozoomdar; the liberal Protestant Church of Holland or Germany by some representative; Unitarianism by Hale or Stebbins or Savage or any one of a dozen others whom it would be easy to name. Thus we should have ten speakers. If these were limited sharply to eight minutes each, that would give us an hour and twenty minutes of speaking; or, if each spoke ten minutes, we should have an hour and forty minutes of speaking. The first would be none too long: perhaps the second would not. Certainly, it would not if the session were held in the daytime. Such a meeting would be of great interest and value, and it could not fail to attract wide attention.

VII. As to women speakers there is one whom everybody will name as first: it is Mrs. Livermore. Her claim to a prominent place in the Congress is twofold: (1) she is by universal consent our most distinguished Unitarian woman speaker, having a fame over the world as a public orator such as no other American woman of any denomination possesses; (2) she was for so many years a Chicago woman, and the most honored and eminent of Chicago women, that it would seem a particular oversight for this Chicago World's Congress not to give her conspicuous recognition. As to foreign women speakers, the first place will of course be given to Mrs. Ormiston Chant. She will probably be at the World's Fair, and at the Congress. No speaker, woman or man, will be more attractive. We have other women who may well be heard, as there may be opportunity. From the pen of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe an important contribution may well be solicited. A poem from her pen would be eminently fitting. Cannot special musical setting be given her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" for the occasion?

VIII. As to men to speak as representatives of Unitarianism in this country, it need only be said that, with such laymen to choose from as Dorman B. Eaton, Senator Hoar, ex-Govs. Long, Robinson, and Blair, D. L. Shorey, Horace Davis, President Eliot, and scores of others, besides our whole force of ministers, of course the difficulty will be to select the very *few* to whom it will be *possible* to assign parts.

IX. We have spoken of a poem by Mrs. Howe. Why should not Dr. Holmes be invited to write an ode for the Congress? It

is an occasion worthy of his best powers. If not he, then Chadwick. And let some of our hymn-writers (we have half a dozen equal to the task) write us one or more hymns.

X. Probably everybody will agree that, as nearly or quite the most important single meeting of the Congress, there should be a *conversazione*, somewhat like those held each year by our English friends in connection with the annual meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, to afford a chance for the Unitarians and other religious liberals of our own and other lands in attendance upon the Congress to meet each other and become acquainted. This meeting should be held in an ample room. Probably there ought to be refreshments; but these should be subordinate, and served in a way to take little time. Possibly, arrangements should be made for an hour of public introductions of and very short speeches from representative men and women. But, above everything else, there should be plenty of time for social intercourse, private introductions, and conversation. We are not sure but that there ought to be *two conversazioni*,—one to open the Congress and one to close it.

And now a word about a matter that is somewhat aside from the Congress, and yet which looks in the same general direction. It seems to us that there ought to be prepared and published in connection with this World's Exposition a book entitled "The Religious Progress of Four Hundred Years." And who will prepare such a book unless we do? Let us suppose the committee who have in charge our Unitarian Congress should give to the world on the opening day of the World's Fair, next May 1, a volume with the above title, and with subjects of chapters and writers somewhat as follows:—

1. The Progress of Four Centuries in Old Testament Knowledge, by Prof. Toy.

2. The Progress of Four Centuries in New Testament Knowledge, by Prof. Carpenter or President Cone.

3. The Progress of Four Centuries in Theology, by Dr. Martineau or Principal Drummond.

4. The Progress of Four Centuries in Philosophy, by Dr. Pfleiderer or Prof. Royce or Prof. Dewey.

5. The Progress of Four Centuries in Ethics, Theoretical and Practical, by Dr. Everett or Dr. A. P. Peabody or Dr. Adler.

6. The Progress of Four Centuries in Philanthropy, by Dr. F. G. Peabody or Prof. Ely or Francis Tiffany or Frances Power Cobbe.

7. What Four Centuries have done toward giving us a Science of Comparative Religion, by Prof. Max Müller or Dr. Tiele or Prof. De la Saussaye.

8. Four Centuries of Service rendered by Literature to Religion, by Stopford Brooke or Mrs. Humphry Ward.

9. Four Centuries of War between Science and Religion, and the Results, by Andrew D. White or Prof. Le Conte or Prof. Tyndall or John Fiske or Mr. Calthrop.

10. The Religious Leaders of Four Centuries, by J. W. Chadwick or P. H. Wicksteed.

11. The Religious Martyrs of Four Centuries, by Dr. Herford or Ernest Renan.

12. Christianity Four Centuries Ago, Now, and Four Centuries Hence, by Dr. Swing.

No volume published in connection with the World's Exposition will be of greater interest or value to the thinking world than such a volume as this, carefully done, would be. Why should it not be prepared? There is still ample time (eight months), though none to lose. Each writer being asked to write only a single chapter and on a single theme reduces the time necessary to a minimum. It could hardly be difficult to find a publisher for such a book. But of course, if the enterprise is to be carried out, we must take hold of it. Only men who believe in religious progress can be expected to be interested in writing its history. And, if we as Unitarians are to move in the matter, it seems fitting that the committee appointed to make preparations for our World's Fair Congress should take the initiative. Let preparation for the Congress go forward vigorously, entirely aside from this. But, if in addition to the Congress, this also can be carried out, it will be a great thing. And we do not see why it is not entirely practicable.

The executive committee of the national celebration of Columbus Day have issued a circular addressed to the ministers of Amer-

ica, in which it is suggested that Sunday, October 16, be observed in the churches by a Columbian service. Such a service could, we think, be made a most helpful inspiration toward promoting the highest ideals in the national demonstration which is to follow.

Departments.

GUILDS.

SELF-CULTURE.

Read before the Guild at Newton, Mass., by Mr. Andrew Hahn.

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

These words of the greatest of English poets seem to me to express a great thought in the greatest possible way. They seem to me to hold in their beauty the philosophy of the ages. They contain the essentials of a noble life,—a life true to itself,—and the inevitable consequent,—a life true to every other life in God's universe.

To be true to ourselves, we must consider the circumstances in which we are placed. Of course, man makes, to a great extent, his own circumstances; but it is also true that there are some conditions of life which he cannot change, and he should not wish to change them, but to make the most of them. We often say or think we would do great things if we had more favorable conditions; but the question will not allow itself to be put aside whether we are doing the best with those we have. We may appear at an advantage in our own modest place, while in some larger sphere we might be worse than useless. Progress should be the rule of every life; but every life has its present work to do, and its appointed way to do it. It should find out for what it is fitted, in what direction its own peculiar faculties can achieve the best results. Many a life has been a dead weight on the world because it has become dissatisfied with its conditions and has mistaken its true calling.

Then there is the intellectual life of man. How many are true to that? There is the world around us filled with the thoughts of great minds. There are the sciences and the arts, asking only a little exertion to be understood, and therefore loved. All the discoveries and inventions, all the acquired knowledge of wonderful facts, all the stores of learning and thought, are waiting to broaden and develop life. Are we not sadly untrue to ourselves when we fail to make the most of these opportunities? When we were at school, we did not appreciate the value of study and reading: now we find no time for it. But no time is a poor excuse: we apply it to everything that is not exactly agreeable or entertaining. In failing to value the intellectual life at its true worth, we lose touch with the times. Never so much as now has the world been busied about a larger knowledge and a more extended thought. There are ideas and ideas. The conflicts of the future will not be fought with physical forces, but with the intellectual and moral weapons wielded by the thinking and reading men and women of the time.

A man should be true to his moral nature. What excuse is there for any one who is of the average intelligence and station in life, and who has at his command the common advantages of the nineteenth century, yet does not make his life of some good? Have not the ages given their best thoughts and deeds and lives to make each one of us something truer and better? Can we say that our moral and religious natures have no incentives to improvement, no guidance to a full development, since Christ and Luther, Wesley, and Channing, have lived? We have no right to be untrue to the teaching and the experience of the ages, to all that has gone to make our civilization what it is. Then, again, the world is no longer restrained from seeking truth; it is no longer bound by arbitrary creeds and infallible doctrines. To-day a man can think and speak as his conscience dictates; he can satisfy his religious needs in his own way. Everything leads him to a full development of a rounded, complete, manly, religious nature; and he is fearfully untrue to himself when he neglects to give his soul the bread of life.

Everybody has some idea of what life ought to be. But everybody does not follow out his idea of life. This idea of life is life's ideal. And that is the real man, not so much what he seems to be as what he aspires to be. Again, the motive, and not the deed, marks a man. Opportunities to do great things do not come to all, but all can have great hearts which would be ready to meet any opportunity that came. There are many "mute, inglorious Miltons," whose lives of devoted service are themselves poems of beauty and power. Every man will act, more or less, according to what his ideal of life is. There is the important point. Make the ideal great. Aim at perfection, and you will come far nearer the mark than he who thinks "pretty good" will do. As you are satisfied with a high or a low one, your life will correspond. You cannot climb the heights of life, looking down: you must fix your gaze on the eternal stars.

No man can be really true to himself only by living up to his ideal, intellectually and spiritually. Is it not so? If we are to be judged by what we are striving to become, are we not true to ourselves, to our better

self, only in so far as we pursue our ideal? We are apt to think that little faults and sins cannot alter the general effect of our ideal. But they do, in the very nature of things. Once become convinced that you can lower your ideal a little or can let it guide you only in the greater events of life, and you have deprived it of its power. Can we not look the question squarely and consistently in the face, and resolve, once for all, that our ideal shall not be lowered? Can we not live as if we were in earnest, carrying every good impulse and noble resolve to its logical conclusion? It is inconsistent and cowardly to fail to come up to what we wish to be and what we want others to think we are. Who would like to have his character less than his reputation? yet, after all, we must judge all by their reputation, unless we have exceptional means of knowing a person. A proud, consistent mind cannot but choose to have its life tally with the impressions which men gather of it. In the highest moments of life, when there flashes across the heart a transfiguring ray from the divine Life, or, in the deep, silent hours of insight, when the soul touches the Lover of Souls and the heart is still, there comes the glorious but saddening vision of the ideal of life,—glorious, because it reveals what is meant by the "image of the Eternal"; saddening, because the actual reflects back so little of the glory of that image.

In his own beautiful way Shakspere tells us that a life true to itself cannot be untrue to another,—

"And it shall follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Phillips Brooks once said—and I never can forget the earnestness with which he dwelt on the words—that the most terrible thing of a man's life was the consciousness that he had injured another life, and could not make reparation for it. Christianity seems to urge a man to give up everything for the welfare of another; and think of the responsibility and wrong of dragging another life down! But, if a man knows the worth of his own character, if he knows the struggle he has gone through to live up to his ideal, he would recoil from making another's life less than it was.

We cannot find the heart to criticise and judge too loosely, when we realize that our life has experienced many a defeat in the way of success. We can see that the life of others, however erring it appears, has at its centre the divine Life. Respect a man for what it is possible for him to become. He always carries within him the image of the Father, however obscured by the circumstances or the sins that blight the beauty of so many human hearts.

Truth to one's self brings the consciousness of the truth of God's life and universe. If we see our life as it is, accept and carry out its purpose, be true to it in the highest sense, we are only fulfilling the divine purpose. In God's plan we have a place. It is a grand thought, and renders the lowliest work, the most obscure position, divine. What is its significance? Simply this. We are working side by side with God, partaking of his inspiration and power, advancing with him the cause of truth, and, as "coheirs with Christ," entering into the life which is all in all.

A high ideal is the key to this thought. Being true to that ideal brings out all the glorious possibilities and noble results with which life is crowned. Set your ideal high, do not lower its standard. After each defeat struggle the harder to keep your colors from falling, after each victory raise your flag in the free breezes of high aspiration, and you will have grasped the significance of the words of the poet who was truest to the ideals of his art, "To thine own self be true."

There is a prospect that speakers will be needed this fall and winter to present the subject of guilds to various churches. Invitations have already come to the president of the Alliance to speak where the movement is new or about to begin. In this connection we ought to say that undoubtedly there are lay speakers in the guilds who would be willing to address churches where there are no young people's religious societies, in order to show what has been done and what may be accomplished. Concord can offer one or two young men. Which guild will next tell us it has those who will do a little missionary work of this kind?

The guild at Concord, Mass., is to hold some special meetings in the church, commemorating certain names and events of national interest, as Columbus and Memorial Day.

We would remind all guilds that we want at least one paper a year from those actually read in meetings for publication in the *Unitarian* and *Our Young People*. Send to Miss Kate L. Brown, Hyde Park, Mass.

It will be of interest to have before us in our papers lists or extracts from lists of subjects discussed in guild meetings. Let them be sent to the editor of the "Guild Department" of *Our Young People*, Concord, Mass.

In a few weeks there will be issued a circular of information in regard to the organization of young people's religious societies, which will be sent to all parishes in our denomination.

B. R. Bulkeley.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us. *Humboldt.*

UNITY CLUBS.

Rev. George W. Cooke is the secretary of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs and the agent of Unity Clubs, Guilds, and the Temperance Society. He has his office in Room 11, Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. He is to be found there on Mondays, from 9.30 A.M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 5 P.M. He is ready to meet those who may wish to consult with him on any afternoon by appointment. A note requesting an interview, if sent to him at East Lexington, Mass., will receive prompt attention. He will give any aid in his power to render toward the furtherance of the work of the societies he represents. He will explain the workings of the guilds, clubs, and other similar organizations. He keeps on hand a collection of the programmes, manuals, and other printed matter connected with these societies, which he is ready to loan to those desiring their use. Also pamphlets describing the workings of the guilds and clubs will be sent free at any time upon request. The publications and circulars of the Temperance Society can be had from him upon application. Those interested in temperance work are invited to consult him by letter or personally.

The Unity Club of Kalamazoo, Mich., has the excellent custom of closing each year's work with a banquet. That of last season was held at the American House, May 24, at 8.30 P.M. The president of the club, Rev. Carrie J. Bartlett, minister of the church, acted as toastmaster. Seven addresses were given, and four songs were sung. The subjects discussed were: "The Club Idea"; "A New Factor"; "Public Spirit"; "The Silent Member"; "Greeting from a Neighboring Club," by Rev. Mila F. Tupper of Grand Rapids; "Woman and the Future"; "A Closing Word," by the president. An attractive *menu* was a feature of the occasion. We suggest that clubs may find this addition to their programmes one to increase their social interest, and one to deepen the sense of brotherhood.

The Emerson Class of Toledo issued its programme for 1892–93 before the summer began. On its title-page are two excellent mottoes, "To the Lord must we look for purification," "An investment in ideas will yield the safest interest." The programme of the first meeting will serve as a specimen for the whole: roll call, with favorite quotation from the essay of the afternoon; report of secretary; music; reading of first half of Emerson's essay on "Compensation"; presentation of analogous ideas from Socrates, Cicero, Epictetus, and Plato. The essays to be read are "Compensation," "Method of Nature," "Literary Ethics," "Spiritual Laws," "The Transcendentalist," "Intellect," "Man the Reformer," and "The American Scholar." The class also devotes afternoons to Thoreau, Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, Carlyle, and Henrik Ibsen. The director is Mrs. E. C. Jennings, and the secretary R. J. Godfrey.

Rev. W. C. Gannett calls our attention to the ten commandments for clubs which were printed in *Unity* in 1881. We think them so good that we reprint them here for those who need them: (1) aim to study, not to create, literature, art, or science; (2) avoid red-tape and parliamentary slang; (3) let but one talk at a time, and that one talk only of the matter in hand; (4) start no side conferences: whispering is poor wisdom and bad manners; (4) come prepared: let the work be laid out systematically in deliberate courses of reading and study; (6) let papers be short; beware of long quotations: "Brevity is the soul of wit"; (7) be as willing to expose your ignorance as to parade your knowledge; (8) aim not to exhaust, but to open the theme; incite curiosity, provoke home reading; (9) begin and close to the minute; (10) meet all discouragements with grit and industry. Rise superior to numbers; for the kingdom of culture, which is another name for the kingdom of God, cometh without observation.

A word concerning periodicals that may be helpful to clubs will be now in season.

The *Chautauquan*, published at Meadville, Pa., is the organ of the Chautauqua circles. It will be found very readable, full of information, and to contain many hints of value to our club-workers. *University Extension* is a monthly published in Philadelphia, and is thoroughly in sympathy with that kind of work done by our best clubs. *Poet-Lore* is now published in Boston, and is especially devoted to Browning, Shakspere, and the new realism in literature. It is bright and suggestive. Of periodicals devoted to philanthropy and current reforms we would recommend the *Charities Review*, published in New York, and *Lend a Hand*, published in Boston. These magazines are practical in their purpose, directly helpful to those wishing to study charity problems and to work for philanthropic interests. We would recommend to those clubs which have a "Current Topics" section, or which take up questions of the day in their programmes, these invaluable periodicals. The *Review of Reviews*, published in New York, is well known, is ably managed, is crowded with excellent illustrations, and gives a great amount of information on current questions. The *Quarterly Register of Current History* is published in Detroit, and gives at a small price and in a condensed form a history of the whole world in a convenient shape for reference and immediate use. In some respects better than either of these is the *Literary Digest*, published weekly in New York. It gives summaries of magazine and review articles from the leading periodicals all

over the world, and especially on all subjects of current interest. It also gives the opinions of leading newspapers on the questions of the day. We have found it by far the best periodical of its kind, and one that we find more helpful for its information on live subjects than any other of which we know.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Every day brings proof that Ralph Waldo Emerson will serve more and more the reconstructed Church of the Holy Spirit. He finds his way into all sects, and commands by his calm wisdom the inner convictions of those who differ widely in creeds. For instance, here is a missionary in Ceylon working on Trinitarian lines. He writes home to his denominational paper how the cause flourishes, and then quotes Emerson as the key to the situation,—"If you would lift me up, you must be on higher ground." This he applies to the treatment of children and Sunday-school work. Teachers can draw large draughts of inspiration from Emerson's happy expressions regarding the nature of childhood, the spirit of education, the keys to attention. That one book of his, "The Conduct of Life," is a perennial spring.

After all, what is the chief requisite in a successful teacher? First, second, and third, such a genuine zeal as will turn even third-rate appliances into good use. As Henry Ward Beecher said, "It is better to hear Beethoven on an old, worn-out harpsichord than a fool playing jigs on a grand Steinway." The comment may be made, "Then you wish to encourage zeal without knowledge." I have said nothing to that effect. But I believe it is plain that enthusiasm will generally find new methods and make a way into proficiency, even if it starts out crude and bungling. All this I claim, for no other reason than to enforce the previous hint to teachers, which, expanded, means: Fill up with inspiration; keep the central aim in view. Take care of the substance, and the details will take care of themselves. Worry not over the transient, but feed hope from the permanent.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society held numerous sessions in August, with the Tower Hill School, and revealed a great deal of life. But we say here, what we have put forth elsewhere, that there is hardly need now of a Western Sunday School organization. The headquarters at Chicago cannot handle the books of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, but the Boston society keeps on hand the publications of the Western society. Would it not be well to consider some plan of union (there seems to be all the co-operation now possible) and a saving of forces? The Unitarian Sunday-schools are not so numerous as to need two sources of supply, and they are not so rich as to be able to support two publishing houses. We give this suggestion publicity, hoping to reach the attention of the ministers and churches of the West.

A word to Unitarians and others liberally inclined, attached to churches or not, constant or inconstant in attendance: You say you believe in the truths of Unitarianism. Your sorrows have been healed, your days of labor brightened, your character strengthened, your views of the future made happier, your humane feelings deepened, by the liberal faith. A new heaven and a new earth have come to some of you. And yet, you are allowing the children, sometimes your own children, to grow up untrained in these noble, life-giving views. You are permitting them to lapse into the bondage of a dark theology. You are suffering them frequently to fall a prey to sects that still fly the flag of Calvinism. Many of you will not teach. Many of you will not encourage the sending of children to Sunday-schools. Yet there the seed of the true faith must be planted. Does this sound narrow and bigoted? Then it is narrow and bigoted to be loyal and devoted unto death to our republic. Would you like to have your children brought up as adherents of a monarchy or a czardom? The call is unto you to educate the young people in the knowledge and love of Christ's republic, which is righteousness, truth, fraternity, and character. It is due to them; it is the hope of the future. The application of this appeal is simple. If your minister is discouraged over the prospect of the year ahead, if the Sunday-school is lacking workers and failing in interest, help him and the church and the cause by rallying to his support. You are able to do what he has asked you to perform. You cannot do a more important work just now than to join with others, and push the religious education of our youth. We shall then have nobler citizenship, stronger churches, and a wave of liberal influence far and wide.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Unitarian Temperance Society will issue before long a leaflet by William H. Baldwin, president of the Young Men's Christian Union. The manual for the use of guilds or Unity Clubs or older classes in Sunday-schools, by William C. Gannett, will soon be ready for the press.

Rev. J. G. Brooks, now in Berlin, has in preparation, it is understood, a full discussion of the Gothenburg system of government control of saloons. It will appear in the British Encyclopædia of Political Science.

The recent discussion in regard to drunkenness in Congress has brought out the fact that, whatever need there may be for further improvement, the evil of intemperance is much less than a few years ago. An interesting letter appeared in the Boston *Transcript* from a member of the House, calling attention to the flagrant drunkenness of fifty years ago, which, though so great, scarcely attracted any comment. Writes the author: "The fuss that is made over a transient and doubtful lapse into intemperance on the part of three or four members is a very high tribute to the general sobriety of this Congress. Since the close of the War for the Union drunkenness has become, for the first time in the history of the human race, thoroughly disreputable, not only in Congress, but in all public bodies and in society everywhere." He adds this testimony: "It must be obvious to all careful observers in Washington that every Congress has been more sober and better behaved than its predecessors. Of the wisdom of the Fifty-second Congress it does not become me to speak; but probably not one has contained so many total abstainers from spirituous liquors since the republic began."

The Boston *Herald* some weeks ago in an editorial mentioned Dr. E. E. Hale as favoring Dr. Rainsford's scheme for encouraging respectable saloons and the sale of light wines. This was certainly a mistake, as any one who will read Dr. Hale's article in *Lend a Hand* relating to this question can see for himself. Dr. Hale there expresses sympathy with the general purpose of Dr. Rainsford, and even wishes that his scheme might secure the desired end. "But," he says, "I have no hope of such success." Moreover, Dr. Hale goes on to show that the experience of England is against the probability of success, and the whole drift of his argument is plainly for total abstinence and against any endeavor to establish light-wine saloons.

In the death of Rev. W. W. Hayward of Medfield the cause of total abstinence among Unitarians loses one of its stanchest supporters. He was a man whom we all honored and were glad to meet. He was ever ready to speak a loyal word and to do a loyal deed. He was enthusiastic in his temperance work, and exerted a strong influence for good citizenship and true manhood. We shall miss his hearty greeting and words of cheer.

The following is from the temperance platform adopted by the Methodists in May, 1892. We give it as calling attention again to what is a great need for effective temperance work; namely, an authoritative investigation of the subject by a national commission.

"While commending the United States Senate for its action in the premises, we condemn the Lower House of our national Congress for its repeated refusal to pass the bills providing for the appointment of a national commission of inquiry to investigate and report upon the influence of the liquor traffic upon the material and moral welfare of the country."

Concerning the inexcusable neglect of Congress in this important matter William C. Gannett writes in a letter to the president of the Unitarian Temperance Society: "Congress investigates chinch-bugs, grasshoppers, Homestead strikes, etc., but will not touch the liquor barons' industry! The presidential contests turn on protection or free trade, and the whole amount of a year's customs is a little over $200,000,000. The liquor traffic costs the consumers' pockets $1,000,000,000 annually, and the public hundreds of millions more in harm and waste, and Congress will not even inquire into the question!" Mr. Gannett urges the Unitarian Temperance Society to make this matter its special mission for the immediate future, in co-operation with other temperance organizations. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, head of the National Bureau of Labor Statistics, proposed the same problem to the society some years ago; and at one of its public meetings a resolution was passed calling for Congressional action. There is no hope, however, in mere resolutions. Public opinion must express itself in some more definite way, and so emphatically as to command the respectful attention of our national representatives. It is to be hoped the Unitarian Temperance Society will see the way clear to some effective action.

C. R. Eliot.

LITERARY NOTES.

Very choice and beautiful are the selections of poetry and prose with which Mrs. Katherine Paine Sutton has filled her little book, "Leaves of Healing," recently published by the American Unitarian Association. Her chapters are entitled Life's Victories, Death's Ministry, Immortality, The Family on Earth and in Heaven, Eternal Goodness, The Father's Will, Aspiration, The Perfect Trust. We do not know how a volume could be more full of comfort and inspiration.

Rev. A. D. Mayo has been giving a series of lectures at the hall at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union on "Five Representative States (Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and California)," and another on "Three Makers of American Life (Columbus, Washington, and Lincoln)." It is hardly necessary to say that the lectures have been very able, instructive, and entertaining.

Rev. A. N. Somers of La Porte, Ind., has an attractive list of subjects for lectures,

and will be glad to fill engagements at very reasonable rates. His lectures on "The Mythology of the American Indians" and "Legends in the Sunny South" command great interest.

The editor of the London *Christian Life*, in an article on the recent reception given to Edward Everett Hale by the Unitarians of that city, says: "It was a piece of interesting news to us, what Dr. Hale said of his distinguished fellow-countryman, Benjamin Franklin. We all knew he was a worshipper in Essex Street Chapel, London, the friend and correspondent of Priestley, Price, and Lindsey; but Dr. Hale discovered, in looking through Franklin's manuscripts, that during the war with England he never failed to send on his church subscription to London. He was a man careful of his money, yet he set the good example to us all that we should not find a reason to be stingy in our support of our church. We heartily thank our visitor for this interesting anecdote of the eminent Dr. Franklin."

Some members of the society of Friends who cherish the memory of Lucretia Mott have raised the money necessary to place a tablet in her memory in the Women's Temple in Chicago.

Tennyson at eighty-three is busy with new work, and as fond as ever of reading his own poems aloud, doing it well. Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of New York, who has written a good deal very enthusiastically about Tennyson's poems, has been visiting him at Aldworth.

The September number of the *Evolutionist*, Rev. James H. West's Boston bimonthly, comes to hand, filled with Mr. West's poems. They are thirty-two in number. "Visions of Good" is the title given to the collection. The poems are forward-looking, earnest, and strong.

Under the title of "A Woman of the Century," Mr. Charles Wells Moulton of Buffalo, N.Y., is publishing a large book which is to contain biographical sketches and portraits of one thousand of the women of America who are best known in literature, education, philanthropy, religious work, medicine, and so forth. The volume is edited by Frances E. Willard and Mary A. Livermore.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published a volume from Prof. T. H. Huxley, entitled "Essays on Some Controverted Questions." Most of the essays have been contributed during the past six or seven years to the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, without premeditated purpose or internal connection, in reply to attacks upon doctrines which Prof. Huxley holds to be well founded, or in refutation of allegations respecting matters lying within the province of natural knowledge. The famous controversy with Mr. Gladstone, beginning with the article on "The Interpreters of Genesis," has been included.

One of the most important publications of the year is the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia, in ten volumes, all but one of which are now ready. It is largely rewritten and brought thoroughly up to date, and is easily the best of the smaller works of the kind. Not the least part of its excellence lies in the fact that its Biblical and theological articles are in line with modern thought and research.

Prof. Tyndall has just issued a new and much enlarged edition of his "Fragments of Science." The first edition of this popular and instructive book was published some twenty years ago as a single volume, which was made up of a score or more of his detached essays, addresses, and reviews. The book was afterward revised, some of the papers recast, and from time to time new ones added until, the size of the work becoming somewhat unwieldy, the present two-volume edition was decided upon. This contains fifteen additional papers, and represents the author's latest changes and revisions. The volumes are uniform with "New Fragments," recently issued; and the three together include all the occasional writings which their author has decided to preserve in permanent form.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in press, to be issued very shortly, under American copyright, a long-expected "History of Early English Literature," by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. The work promises to rank at once as one of the indispensable volumes in every reference library.

Following Prof. Driver's "Literature of the Old Testament," the initial volume in the "International Theological Library," comes "Christian Ethics," by Dr. Newman Smyth of New Haven, in the same series, published by the Scribners.

Mr. Bryce has about finished preparing a new edition of his "American Commonwealth." The entire work has been revised, and several chapters of absolutely new matter have been added. The publishers, the Macmillans, have promised the book by October 1.

Among the illustrated fall books in the Harpers' list will be new and handsome editions of George William Curtis's "Prue and I," with illustrations by Albert E. Sterner.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Dr. S. G. Howe, the Philanthropist. By F. B. Sanborn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Cloth, $1.50.

Hygienic Treatment of Consumption. By

M. L. Holbrook, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. Cloth, $2.

The Speech of Monkeys. By R. L. Garner. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Cloth, $1.

Columbus. An Epic Poem. By Samuel Jefferson. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, $1.25.

Leaves of Healing. By Katharine P. Sutton. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

First Steps in Philosophy. By William M. Salter. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

A Treatise on Mortgage Investments. By Edward N. Darrow. Minneapolis: The W. A. Edwards Printing Company. Paper, $1.

Snow-Bound. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, $1.50.

Glimpses of a Better Life. By Lewis G. Wilson. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son.

A Syllabus of Psychology. By William M. Bryant. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Index of All Lines of Hymn and Tune Book of the American Unitarian Association. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

Sixty-seventh Annual Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. London, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

Southern Women in the Recent Educational Movement in the South. By Rev. A. D. Mayo, M.A. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Pamphlets.—The Growth of Memory in School Children. By Thaddeus L. Bolton, A.B. Reprinted from *American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. IV., No. 3, April, 1892.

The Liberal Faith as a Basis of Character, Reason in Religion, Practical Use of the Bible. Sermons by Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D.D. Minneapolis: Hall, Black & Co.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

The New World (September).

The Essence of Christianity. By Otto Pfleiderer.

Ecclesiastical Impedimenta. By J. MacBride Sterrett.

New Testament Criticism and Religious Belief. By Orello Cone.

Thomas Paine. By John W. Chadwick.

Social Betterment. Nicholas P. Gilman.

The Rôle of the History of Religions in Modern Religious Education. By Jean Réville.

A Poet of his Century. By E. Cavazza.

Divine Love and Intelligence. By James C. Parsons.

The Atlantic Monthly (September).

Cliff-dwellers in the Cañon. By Olive Thorne Miller.

An American at Home in Europe. III. By William H. Bishop.

A New England Boyhood. By Edward Everett Hale.

Romance of Memory. By S. R. Elliott.

The Forum (September).

The Alarming Proportion of Venal Voters. By Prof. J. J. McCook.

"A Tariff for Revenue": What it really Means. By David A. Wells.

The Enlarged Church. By David Swing.

A Chinaman on our Treatment of China. By Yung Kiung Yen.

Popular Education at the University of Michigan. By Henry C. Adams.

The Arena (September).

The Future of Islam. By Ibu Ishak.

In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism: Bacon *vs.* Shakspere. III. By Edwin Reed.

Successful Treatment of Typhoid Fever. By C. E. Page, M.D.

The Bible-Wine Question: A Reply to Dr. Hartt. By Axel Gustafson.

Walt Whitman. By Prof. Willis Boughton.

Scribner's Magazine (September).

The Last of the Buffalo. By George B. Grinnell.

The Tilden Trust Library: What shall it be? By John Bigelow.

The Névsky Prospékt. Sixth Article on "The Great Streets of the World." By Isabel F. Hapgood.

The Indian who is not Poor. By C. F. Lummis.

The Education of the Blind. By Mrs. Frederic R. Jones.

The Review of Reviews (September).

The Progress of the World.

Louise Michel: A Character Sketch. By W. T. Stead.

Strikes and their Remedies.

"A King's Daughter" among the Lepers of Siberia.

The Century Magazine (September).

The Grand Falls of Labrador. By Henry G. Bryant.

Pioneer Pack-horses in Alaska. By E. J. Glave.

Christopher Columbus. V. The New World. By Emilio Castelar.

Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition. IV. By Henry Van Brunt.

The Andover Review (September).

Hexateuch Criticism. By C. R. Brown.

Amiel. By Ellen Urania Clark.

The Bible in the College. By George S. Burroughs.

Lend a Hand (September).

Report of Committee on Immigration and Interstate Migration.

Let Us Think. By Albert Walkley.

Civics: As a School Study. By W. K. Wickes.

Preparation of the Indian for Citizenship. By Alice C. Fletcher.

Outing (September).

Moeran's Moose. By E. W. Sandys.

Hammer-throwing. By Malcolm W. Ford.

The Military Schools of the United States. By Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U.S.A.

Around the World with Wheel and Camera. By Frank G. Lenz.

The Sanitarian (September).

Responsibility of the National and State Governments for the Purity of the Water Supply. By Benjamin Lee.

Those "Errors in Ventilation." A Reply. By R. Harvey Reed.

The Increase of Crime and Moral Education. By H. Martyn Hort.

Intoxication and Crime. By A. Motet.

The North American Review (September).

A Forecast of Mr. Gladstone's New Administration. By Justin McCarthy, M.P.

A Plain Talk on the Drama. By Richard Mansfield.

Reminiscences of John Bright. By his Nephew, Charles McLaren.

The Homestead Strike. By Hon. William C. Oates, Hon. George T. Curtis, and T. V. Powderly.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

The seventy-first session of the Essex Conference of Liberal Christian Churches will be held with the North Church, Salem, Wednesday, October 12.

The Younger Ministers' Association will meet with the president, Rev. F. B. Mott, Monday, October 31, at 4.30 P.M., at the Parish Hall of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester. It will be the annual meeting. The wives of the members are specially invited. A. WALKLEY, *Sec'y.*

MINISTERS' INSTITUTE.—The next session of the Ministers' Institute will be held in the Church of the Channing Religious Society, Newton, Mass., Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, minister, October 17–19. The opening sermon will be preached on the evening of the 17th by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., of San Francisco. The exact order of the papers has not yet been arranged, but these are the speakers and subjects: Prof. A. V. G. Allen, "What constitutes Progress in Theology?" Prof. Egbert Smyth, "The New Theology"; Rev. E. H. Hall, "The New Unitarianism"; Rev. Merle St. C. Wright, "The Grounds of Faith within and without the Soul"; Prof. Alpheus Hyatt, "Are Acquired Qualities inherited?" Prof. Francis G. Peabody, "Sociological Investigations in Europe"; Prof. J. P. Peters, "The Psalms"; Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, "On Certain Parallels between Zoroastrianism and Christianity." Reports on new books will be made by Prof. Royce, Prof. Toy, and Rev. N. P. Gilman. One evening will be devoted to a platform meeting on "The Religious Signs of the Times," with twenty five-minute addresses by prominent clergymen of different denominations. The Newton parish will furnish free entertainment to all ministers who send word to Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, Newton, Mass., in time for him to receive their notification before October 15. It is desirable that the time of arrival and departure should be known. Those who may desire only meals or other partial accommodations can be served if they make their needs known promptly.

GEORGE W. COOKE, *Sec'y.*

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in the First Parish Church, Portland, Me., October 5 and 6, with the following order of exercises:—

Wednesday, October 5, 7.45 P.M., sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage.

Thursday, October 6, 9–9.45 A.M.: devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth, N.H. 9.45–10: business meeting; opening session of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. 10–10.15: reading of directors' annual report. 10.15–11: discussion of directors' report, election of officers, and miscellaneous business. 11–12 M.: three twenty-minute addresses on "The Work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society": (1) Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Boston, Mass., The Unitarian Sunday School Society as a Sower of Seed; (2) Rev. W. R. Ramsay, Manchester, N.H., The Unitarian Sunday School Society as a Helper to the Sunday Schools; (3) Mr. J. O. Norris, Boston, Mass., The Unitarian Sunday School Society as an Aid to Citizenship. 12–12.30 P.M.: general discussion and remarks; speeches limited to five minutes each. 12.30–2, intermission and collation. 2–2.15 P.M.: opening of afternoon session and transaction of unfinished business. 2.15–3.30, addresses of fifteen minutes each: (1) Rev. J. L. Marsh, Saco, Me., "What is the Main Object of the Sunday-schools?" (2) Rev. George H. Young, Lawrence, Mass., "Where is the Chief Responsibility?" (3) Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, Newton, Mass., "Bible Classes and Teachers' Meet-

ings"; (4) W. H. Baldwin, Esq., Boston, Mass., "How to improve the Spiritual Condition of our Sunday-schools"; (5) Rev. J. C. Jaynes, West Newton, Mass., "The Personal Relation of Teachers and Ministers to the Pupils." 3.30-4.30: general discussion and remarks; speeches limited to five minutes each. 4.30, adjournment.

Platform Meeting, Thursday evening, 7.30: addresses of twenty minutes each. Speakers: Rev. Mary T. Whitney, Cambridge, Mass., "What shall we do with our Young People?" Rev. Henry Blanchard, D.D., Portland, "How to create Greater Enthusiasm in Sunday-school Work"; Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord, Mass., "The Bright Side of Sunday-school Teaching"; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Boston, Mass., "What are our Chief Needs?" Rev. Albert Walkley, Brighton, Mass., "Forward!"

Friday, October 7, there will be opportunities in the forenoon, and such other part of the day as may be available, for those in attendance to enjoy the social and excursion pleasures of the city and harbor. It has been planned that Thursday shall be thoroughly devoted to the consideration of Sunday-school interests, and the same plan leaves Friday entirely clear for sight-seeing and sociability.

Belding, Mich.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor preached here morning and evening, August 28. There is quite a liberal element in this growing manufacturing town. Mr. Sunderland spoke in the Christian church. In the evening a very strange thing happened: the minister of the Methodist church dismissed his congregation, so that he and they might all go and hear Mr. Sunderland.

Beverly, Mass.—Rev. E. C. Butler, who has been critically ill with typhoid fever, is now out of danger, and steadily improving.

Boston, Mass.—The return of the ministers has been attended with a good deal of excitement this year, owing to the relentless quarantine officials, who unswervingly resisted the spread of the cholera germ, even though it temporarily arrested the spread of the gospel itself. The stress of the difficulty fell upon that rear corner office on the first floor of 25 Beacon Street, which is the "Central" of our denominational system. We understand, however, that the connections upon the ministerial switch-board there concealed, were made with such dexterity that, upon the reopening of our city churches, not one assembled congregation failed to receive a gladdening and inspiring service and sermon. This was accomplished only by the devotedness of our assistant secretary whom telegrams pursued even to his midnight slumbers.

—Among the many ministers returning from abroad none received heartier greetings than Rev. Francis Tiffany, who returns in completely restored health and vigor.

—It is natural to look to the Unitarian pulpits of Boston for a high appreciation of all that stands for purity and moral strength in literature; and probably the most eloquent tribute to the typical New England representative of these qualities, Whittier, that is likely to appear in any quarter, is the sermon preached by Charles G. Ames from his pulpit in the Church of the Disciples, September 18. It will be published in tract form.

—We are glad to hear that the First Parish in Brighton has sold its church property for a business site on good terms, and will immediately proceed with the building of a new church, which is to be one of the best in the city.

Denver, Col.—On September 11 a memorial service in honor of Whittier was held at Unity Church. Appropriate music was sung by the choir, and all the hymns were by Whittier. There were readings from "My Birthday," "Sunset on the Bearcamp," "Massachusetts to Virginia," "My Psalm," and "The Eternal Goodness." Mr. Eliot closed with an address describing Whittier in his threefold character of an interpreter of the beauty of nature, an inspirer of true patriotism, and a prophet and psalmist of natural religion.

Unity Sunday-school has elected officers as follows: superintendent, C. E. Montague; assistants, W. H. Wadley, R. L. Hinchman; secretary, Mrs. E. H. Park; treasurer, Theodore Smith. The school starts with twenty complete classes, and the attendance severely taxes the accommodations.

The church has begun the new year in good spirits. Since Mr. Eliot's return from his vacation the attendance at the Sunday morning service has never fallen below six hundred. The Unity Club, Ladies' Aid Society, Women's Alliance, and Young People's Club are all busily engaged in outlining plans for the coming winter.

Des Moines, Ia.—The *Leader* of September 11 prints an able sermon by Rev. L. A. Harvey on "The Value of Labor Organizations."

Hinsdale, Ill.—The Unity Club is just out with a very elaborate and suggestive programme for the year beginning October, 1892. The course takes up various institutions of to-day, as the Family, Ballot, Taxation, Immigration, City Government, and traces their origin in the earliest form of society and their later growths up to to-day, and further considers their future development. Very careful references are given to the literature of each subject.

Iowa City, Ia.—The Unitarian church makes an interesting announcement of plans for the fall and winter. Series of sermons

are to be given by the pastor, Rev. Charles E. Perkins, upon "Rational as Compared with Traditional Christianity," and upon "Practical Religion." Evening sermons upon "The Conduct of Life" are also announced, and a set of services upon "The Hymns and Hymn-writers of the Unitarian Faith." Among the general suggestive notes in this circular the committee remark: "Have you a religious journal on your list? If not, why not try the *Register* or the *Unitarian?*"

Jackson, Mich.—The late Nathaniel B. Hall of this city, one of our most prominent and influential men, was a trustee of the Unitarian church, and is greatly missed by the church. He was the fourth son of Gov. Hiland Hall of Vermont, and was born in Bennington, Sept. 2, 1826.

La Porte, Ind.—The Unitarian church resumed services September 11, after a two months' vacation. Rev. A. N. Somers, the pastor, preached on "Present Duties"; and September 18 was made the occasion of a service in memory of George William Curtis and John Greenleaf Whittier. Mr. Somers preached a discourse expressive of the help he had received from the writings of them both.

The church is paying off an old and burdensome debt, which enables it to start upon another year of working with lighter hearts, if the pocket-books are also lighter. Its Unity Circle has planned a good year of work, to begin the first week of October, in two sections, one devoted to American history, while the other deals with a variety of ethical, scientific, political, and social questions in their relations to the present times.

The pastor spent his vacation visiting the scenes of his early life in Virginia, and visiting some of the large manufacturing centres of the central States to study the "Labor Problems" that are uppermost in our thoughts at present, returning to his work strengthened, and bringing much information to help him in solving those questions that seem so unsettled.

Menomonie, Wis.—Rev. H. D. Stevens has removed from Alton, Ill., to this place, and taken charge of the Unitarian society here. His work opens with excellent promise.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The Wisconsin Conference meets here October 3–5. Opening sermon by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich. Addresses on "Missionary Topics," by Rev. T. B. Forbush, Rev. F. L. Hosmer, and Mrs. M. S. Savage. A fine platform meeting is to be held on Tuesday evening on the following subject, "Religion not Destroyed, but Enriched": (1) "By the New Interpretation of Inspiration and Revelation," Rev. J. F. Schindler, Racine; (2) "By the New Interpretation of Christianity," Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago; (3) "By the New Interpretation of Man," Rev. C. F. Niles, West Superior; (4) "By the New Interpretation of God," Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Chicago.

Pacific North-west.—Many of the ministers and laymen in the North-west have felt for some time that a conference was desirable. At the dedication of the new Unitarian church at Puyallup, where a large number of representative Unitarians were assembled, a constitution for such a conference was adopted, and the following officers elected: president, Joseph Shippen, Esq., Seattle; vice-president, Mr. Samuel Collyer, Tacoma; secretary and president, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, Portland. Executive committee: the president, *ex officio;* Mr. A. D. Hale, Macmillen; Mr. Ezra Meeker, Puyallup; Rev. H. H. Brown, Salem; Mrs. G. M. Savage, Olympia. The constitution is as follows:—

"Article 1. Name.—The name of this Conference shall be 'The Pacific North-west Conference of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Churches.'

"Art. 2. Object.—The object of this conference shall be the discussion of questions bearing on religion and morals, fellowship, and problems of practical work, in the interest of liberal Christianity.

"Art. 3. Membership.—All Liberal Christian churches in the Pacific North-west shall be entitled to membership in this conference.

"Art. 4. Representation.—Each church shall be entitled to be represented at all meetings of the conference by three delegates.

"Art. 5. Officers.—Section 1: The officers of this conference shall be a president, a vice-president, a secretary and treasurer, and an executive committee of five, of which the president shall be chairman *ex officio*. Section 2: The officers of the conference shall be elected annually by ballot. Section 3: The executive committee shall have the power to fill all vacancies occurring between the annual meetings.

"Art. 6. Meetings.—Section 1: The conference shall meet in the spring of each year, and at such other times as the executive committee shall determine. Section 2: The executive committee shall fix the date and place and arrange the details of all meetings of the conference.

"Art. 7. Amendments.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present at any meeting of the conference. Notice of proposed amendments shall be given at a previous meeting, or by letter, to each church in the conference at least two weeks before the time of meeting.

"Art. 8. Quorum.—Seven delegates shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the conference."

Such a conference will, without doubt, be

a source of helpful inspiration to the churches of the North-west.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Rev. Mr. Horst in his sermon Sunday morning paid a fine tribute to George William Curtis, who was one of the vice-presidents of the American Unitarian Association and president of the National Unitarian Conference. In his death the Unitarian denomination has suffered a grievous loss. Mr. Curtis was to lecture for Unity Church people this coming winter.—*The Evening Journal, September* 6.

On September 11 Mr. Horst preached an excellent sermon on "Religion and Poetry," showing that we are indebted to the poets—especially Whittier—for some of the loftiest and finest statements of what true religion is. All the quotations were taken from Whittier.

On Tuesday evening, September 6, the Guild of the Good Shepherd resumed its weekly meetings. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" will be the study for the winter.

Portland, Ore.—The Church of Our Father publishes an excellent weekly "Calendar." Following the special notices are a series of general notices which are suggestive for similar use in other churches. We quote them:—

"Strangers are cordially invited to stay after any of the services, that they may be welcomed by the pastors and members of the congregation.

"Please be sure to inform the pastors of any cases of illness or trouble, any change of addresses, and the addresses of strangers on whom they or others may call.

"Members of the congregation or strangers are invited to make free use of the tracts in the vestibules, and of the 'Frazer Loan Library' of Unitarian literature in the church parlor.

"At the book table in the church parlor may be found for sale many of the best books of the liberal Christian faith, by Channing, Parker, Clarke, Hale, Savage, and others. Orders will be filled for any others not on hand, and subscriptions taken for any liberal Christian periodical.

"The free reading-room in the church parlor is open every week-day evening from seven to ten o'clock. It is well supplied with the best periodical literature, and is open to all, whether attendants of this church or not. Entrance on Yamhill Street.

"The Post-office Mission distributes liberal religious literature through the mails and otherwise. Persons wishing tracts or other liberal religious reading may obtain it by sending their names and addresses to the secretary, Miss E. F. Davison, No. 346 Yamhill Street.

"The Christian Union is the philanthropic arm of the church. Its members visit the jails, the poor-farm, and other public institutions, and supply reading to inmates. Persons having papers, magazines, or books which they will give for such use are requested to leave them in the reading-room or to inform Mr. Wilbur.

"Dr. and Mrs. Eliot are glad to see members of the congregation or strangers at their home at any time. They are always at home on Monday evenings. Mr. Wilbur is at home on Friday evenings, and may usually be found afternoons before two o'clock.

"The seats in the church are all free, and its expenses are met by voluntary contributions. Any that wish to become regular contributors may obtain envelopes from the clerk, Mr. G. G. Gammons, Room 31, Labbe Building."

Providence, R.I.—The installation of Rev. Herbert Mott, who resigned his pastorate at Winchester, Mass., to become the pastor of the Westminster Congregational Church here, took place Friday evening, September 2. So unusual was this event of installing a new minister in the annals of the Westminster Church that no one in the society had taken any part or had any experience in the arrangements for such an occasion. It is thirty-five years since Dr. Augustus Woodbury was installed. A large congregation assembled at 7.30; and, after a beautiful organ voluntary, Rev. Albert Walkley of Brighton opened the services with an impressive invocation. Rev. F. B. Mott of Dorchester read the introductory service, and Rev. W. H. Spencer of Providence read the Scripture lesson. Then followed the simple act of installation, which was conducted in truly congregational manner. The chairman of the parish committee, Dr. Frederic N. Seabury, ascending to the pulpit, accompanied by the pastor-elect, installed the new minister in the following words: "Dear Mr. Mott, the Westminster Congregational Church and Society, having by unanimous vote called you to be their pastor, and you having accepted their call, I now, as their representative, install you into that sacred office, into the duties and rights of this pulpit, that to us is vocal and eloquent with the remembered voices of the noble line of your predecessors; into the cares and duties of minister to our parish, which, though scattered through different parts of this city, are united in their interest in the prosperity of this church; into our hearts, into our homes, the leader and guide to ourselves and our children in spiritual things. And, in token of the sincerity of this ceremony and of our promise to second your efforts to advance the interests of this church, I offer you my hand." Rev. George W. Cutter of Newport made the prayer of installation; Rev. John P. Forbes of Taunton gave the charge to the minister; and Rev. Augustus Woodbury, the retiring pastor, who has served this congregation so efficiently and faithfully for the unusual period of thirty-five years, gave a most admirable and helpful address to the

people, in which he also welcomed with genuine heartiness his young successor. After the singing of Mrs. L. A. Bradbury's beautiful hymn, "Not only in the Verdant Meads," the new pastor pronounced the benediction.

Roslindale, Mass.—Never in the short history of this parish has a year opened so auspiciously. The people are eager for work, and the $6,000 stone church seems an assured reality before 1892 is ended.

Mr. Metcalf, representing the Benevolent Fraternity, is now on the ground, having moved from West Somerville; and everything will be done to strengthen the now feeble arm of our liberal faith in this flourishing suburb.

San Diego, Cal.—The Unity Club draws full houses to discuss live topics, such as "What shall we do with our Boys and Girls?" "The Woman Question," "Work and Wages for Women," "Social Amusements," "The Modern Novel," etc.

The Hale Unity, a live society of our Unitarian young people, meets Sunday evenings. The religious service and all the exercises are conducted by the young people. The Emerson Club has taken a recess for August and September. The Women's Auxiliary keeps up its brave and energetic labors. Since January many young people have joined the church, besides adults who have come from other religious bodies. The Sunday-school is vigorous and growing.

Toledo, Ohio.—Work opens in the Unitarian church this fall with vigor. Mr. Jennings has been preaching upon "What Religion may Do for Us," "Strikes and Strikers," "Kindness to Animals," and "The Briggs Controversy." An earnest effort will be made this year to build the new church edifice that is so much needed.

Warren, Vt.—Mr. H. L. Buzzell, a Meadville student, has preached here and at Waitsfield, six miles distant, regularly through the summer months for three seasons, with great benefit to both parishes. We occupy the town hall for our services here; and the congregation at Waitsfield have the use of a Universalist church, with a good organ. Neither of these societies has ever received any aid from the American Unitarian Association, but by the energy of our ladies' circles both organizations flourish.

Westboro, Mass.—The ordination and installation of Mr. W. R. Buxton as pastor of the Unitarian church at Westboro, Mass., took place Thursday evening, September 15. Reading of Scriptures by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson of Hopedale; prayer by Rev. Calvin Stebbins of Worcester; sermon by Rev. John Cuckson of Boston; charge to pastor by Rev. A. C. Nickerson of Exeter, N.H.; right hand of fellowship by Rev. T. Ernest Allen of Grafton; charge to congregation by Rev. John P. Forbes of Taunton.

Winthrop, Mass.—Under the vigorous administration of Rev. Mr. Headle the society is strengthening the hold of the Unitarian church upon the community. A new organ has just been dedicated, and a splendid sacred concert was given September 21.

JOTTINGS.

When I look for the signs of sin, I see it in the spirit of contempt, in the spirit of inhumanity, the spirit that does not recognize the bond of a common brotherhood or the existence of a common nature, the spirit that divides mankind into cliques and classes, . . . the spirit that perverts motives, misinterprets actions, puts false constructions upon character, delights in gossip, the spirit of unkindness and injustice, sometimes of bitterness, sometimes of malignity, the spirit that loves to paint the world worse than it is, men as degraded, women as vile, and chooses to believe that a devil is at the bottom of all goodness,—that spirit is the one stubborn sign of sin. *O. B. Frothingham.*

Mr. Muirhead, in his "Land of Contrasts," says: "An English ecclesiastic used to tell, after his return from a visit to the United States, how on one occasion he had met in the streets of New York a small boy, aged six or seven years, alone and sobbing bitterly. To the reverend interlocutor's inquiry as to what was the matter, the urchin replied: 'I'm lost: ma's lost me. I told the *darned* thing she'd lose me if she didn't take care.' This attitude of dependence, tempered by violent criticism, this mingling of precocity and childishness, seems to me to indicate very clearly one source of the contrasts that are so easily found in America.—*The Arena.*

WANTED: TRAINED WIVES AND A BRIGHTER LIFE.—The root of the matter is to provide for the worker a helpmate fit and capable. But the writer thinks the race of capable housewives, shrewd, kindly, managing, seems to be dying out. How to rear a race of women healthy in body and mind, fitly trained for household work, is the problem. Once a generation is reared quick to practise the homely virtues of domestic life, the problem of how to raise the submerged is practically solved. Churches may do much in their missions. "Classes for womanly work, sewing, cooking, and washing, are quite as necessary and profitable, and no less pleasing to our Father in heaven, than Bible classes and prayer-meetings." If the churches only thought so!—*Scottish Review.*

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